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## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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With the present number *THE LIVING AGE* completes its 195th Quarterly Volume.

The close of the year affords the publishers a fitting opportunity to express their sincere gratification for the generous support accorded them by the reading public throughout the country and beyond. Especially would they acknowledge their gratitude for the many appreciative words and flattering testimonials that have come to them from so many sources since the year began.

Of the year now closing little need be said. It speaks for itself. That *THE LIVING AGE* has fully maintained its high standard will, we believe, be freely admitted.

Appreciating the responsibility which rests upon them as the publishers of a magazine which, practically, stands alone in its special field, they will strive with added zeal to make it in every respect worthy of the high encomiums which have been bestowed upon it. It is deemed only necessary as an earnest of the future to remind their subscribers of the eminent writers in all the various departments of general literature who have been constantly represented in its pages, and whose important productions are otherwise hardly accessible, in their entirety, to American readers. Only the best articles by the best writers on the foremost topics of the day will find place within the pages of *THE LIVING AGE*.

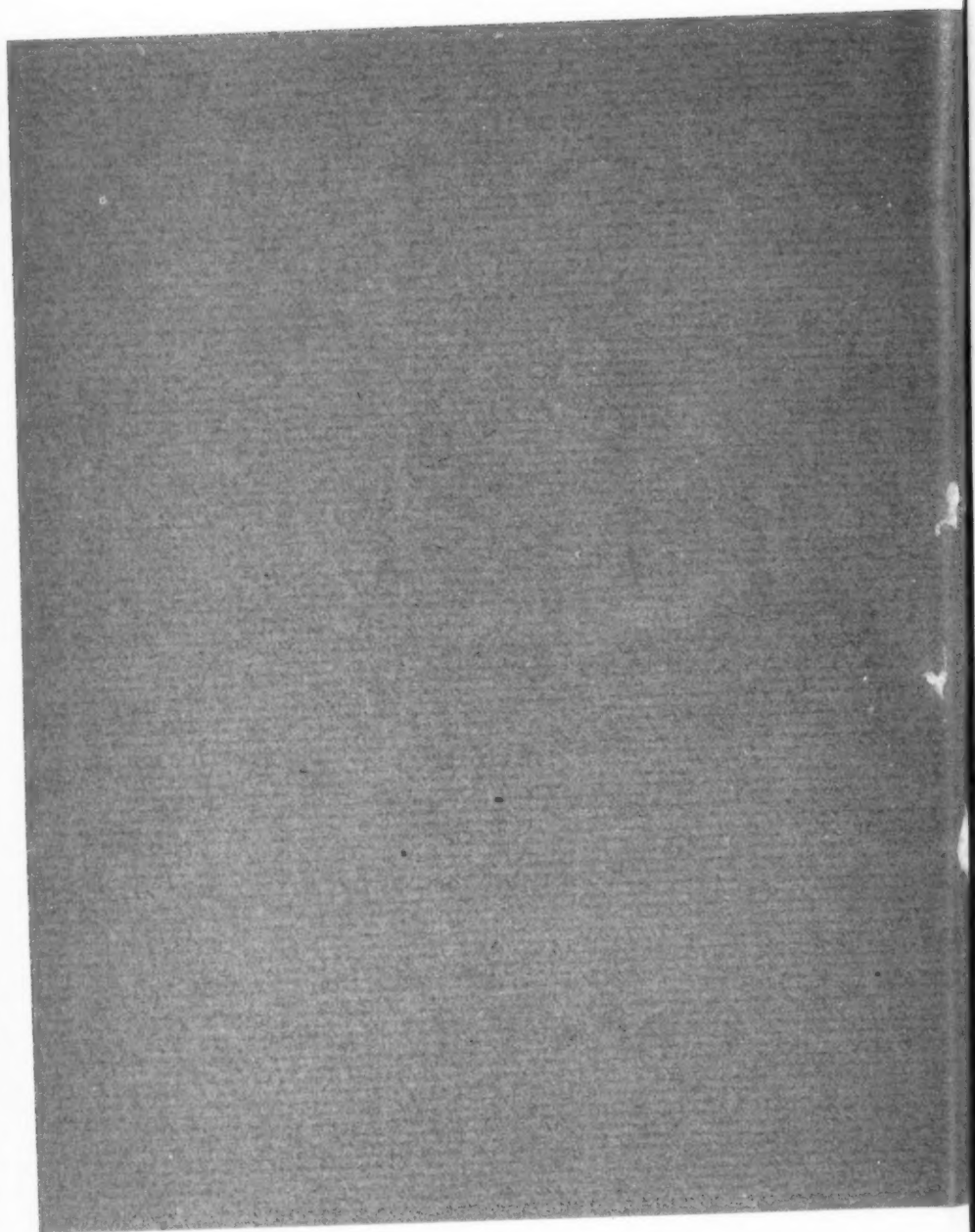
The great issues that are now imminent, involving, more or less, all the older countries of the world, make it almost certain that the coming year will witness changes of greater import and of wider scope than any that have occurred during the last decade. While, possibly, the United States may be a passive spectator of these momentous movements, our people cannot fail to be deeply interested in their progress and results. These it will be the aim and purpose of *THE LIVING AGE* to present in articles direct from the hands of those whose knowledge and skill, acquired by long-training and a close acquaintance with the subjects treated, enable them to speak with power and authority.

Its readers cannot have failed to note the recent improvements in the typographical appearance of the magazine, making it, as one of its oldest subscribers has kindly said, "as near perfect as such a periodical can well be."

Confident, therefore, that *THE LIVING AGE* for 1893 will fully merit a continuance of their favor, the publishers invite all their friends whose subscriptions expire with the present number, and who have not already done so, to send in their renewals for the new year. If forwarded immediately, there will be no interruption in the receipt of numbers.

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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series  
Volume LXXX }

No. 2530. — December 24, 1892.

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## THE SILENT PIPES.

THEY'LL raise the reel and rant no more,  
Nor play the springs they played of yore,  
When lads and lasses tripped the floor  
From gloamin' until early ;  
No more a bridal lilt they'll blow,  
Or wailing coranach, although  
Death's hand should lay a kinsman low,  
The pipes that played for Charlie.

Glenfinnan heard their joyful note,  
And distant straths and hills remote,  
When in the Northern air afloat  
The Royal flag waved fairly ;  
They blew a welcome to Lochiel,  
And many a chieftain's heart of steel  
Beat high to hear the warlike peal  
Of pipes that played for Charlie.

Oh ! lightly marched the Highland host,  
And o'er the Fords o' Frew they crost,  
And lightly faced the sleet and frost,  
Though tartans clad them barely.  
Before them Cope was fain to flee,  
They took St. Johnstone and Dundee,  
The bailies heard with little glee  
The pipes that played for Charlie.

They sang fu' low at Holyrood  
To suit the gentle ladies' mood,  
The ladies fair, of gentle blood,  
Whose smiles the prince lo'ed rarely ;  
But when at Prestonpans they played,  
The Lowland lads were sore dismayed,  
Their horsemen ran, and ne'er drew blade,  
From pipes that played for Charlie.

They blew a last, a mournful strain,  
When on Drummoissie's weary plain  
The day was lost and hope had gane,  
And hearts were sinkin' sairly.  
No more they'll swell the pibroch shrill,  
Or in the glen, or on the hill ;  
Forever now the voice is still  
Of pipes that played for Charlie.  
Longman's Magazine. NIMMO CHRISTIE.

## WESTWARD.

WESTWARD the sunset is dying,  
For twilight has gathered and grown ;  
Westward the swallow is flying,  
The way that the Summer has flown —  
**Flying, flame-crownèd and crested**  
With light from the day that is spent,  
After the Summer that rested  
Awhile in our meadows — and went.

Westward the breezes are blowing  
And breathing of nothing but rest ;  
Westward the river is flowing —  
Thy home is there in the west,  
And Summer around thee is springing,  
But Autumn is lingering with me,  
And westward my fancies are winging  
Their flight unto thee — unto thee !

Ah, dreary and darkly and slow drifts  
The time to the end of the year !  
Blow, winds of the Winter, with snowdrifts,  
And frost upon moorland and mere,  
With the day when at last I shall follow  
The flight of my thoughts and have rest,  
Shall follow and find, like the swallow,  
My queen of the year in the west.  
Chambers' Journal. A. ST. J. ADCOCK.

## BALLADE OF RYDAL VALE.

## I.

So as of old the wandering Greek,  
A new Odysseus from the sea,  
You come and I shall hear you speak  
Of our enchantress, Italy,  
Of breezes blown from Araby ;  
Scents borne upon an Indian gale,  
But you will never paint for me  
A fairer place than Rydal Vale.

## II.

You've climbed the Himalayan peak  
And sailed perchance to Tahiti ;  
You've watched the golden morning break  
O'er lands that rival Arcady ;  
From Oregon to Albany  
By many a soft New England dale  
You've wandered, yet you scarce could  
see  
A fairer place than Rydal Vale.

## III.

Oh ! stream of winding curve and creek,  
Whose waters dance in harmony,  
And skirt with many a fret and freak  
The meadow of the mountain tree,  
Where in the summer evenings we  
Have watched the flying ball or ball,  
Say ! can you find to wander free  
A fairer place than Rydal Vale ?

## ENVOI.

Friend, 'tis a question of degree.  
For me your larger wonders pale ;  
I cannot hold in memory  
A fairer place than Rydal Vale !

DOROTHY F. BLOMFIELD.

Longman's Magazine.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
OUR MOLTEN GLOBE.

BY ALFRED R. WALLACE.

FEW scientific inquiries excite greater interest than those recent researches which have so greatly extended our knowledge of the stars and nebulae, whether by determining the direction and velocity of their motions, or ascertaining their physical constitution and probable temperature. In comparison with this considerable amount of knowledge of such distant bodies, it seems strange that so little comparatively is known of the structure and internal constitution of the globe on which we live, and that much difference of opinion should still exist on the fundamental question whether its interior is liquid or solid, whether it is intensely hot or comparatively cool. Yet the definite solution of this problem is a matter of the greatest theoretical interest, since it would not only elucidate many geological phenomena, but might possibly serve as a guide in our interpretation of appearances presented by the other planets and even by more remote bodies; while it is not unlikely that it may soon become a practical question of the highest importance, inasmuch as it may lead us to the acquisition of a new source of heat, in many ways superior to that produced by the combustion of fuel, and practically inexhaustible.

It is only during the present century that facts have been accumulating in various directions, bearing more or less directly on the question of the earth's internal condition. These have been partially dealt with, both by geologists and by physicists; but the problem is such a complex one, and the evidence of so varied a nature and often so difficult to interpret, that the conclusions reached have been usually doubtful and often conflicting. This seems to have been due, in part, to the fact that no properly qualified person had, till quite recently, devoted himself to a thorough study of the whole subject, taking full account of all the materials available for arriving at a definite conclusion, as well as of the various groups of phenomena which such a conclusion must

harmonize and explain. But for many years past a good practical geologist, who is also an advanced mathematician — the Rev. Osmond Fisher — has made this subject his speciality, and in a most interesting volume, of which a second and carefully revised edition, with an appendix, has been recently published, he has brought together all the facts bearing on the problem, and has arrived at certain definite conclusions of the greatest interest. The object of the present article is to give a popular account of so much of his work as bears upon the question of the thickness and density of the earth's crust and the constitution of the interior.<sup>1</sup>

We will first consider the nature of the evidence in favor of the view that, below a superficial crust, there is a molten or highly heated substratum. The existence of volcanoes, geysers, and hot springs irregularly scattered over the whole surface of the globe, and continually ejecting molten rock, ashes, mud, steam, or hot water, is an obvious indication of some very widespread source of heat within the earth, but of the nature or origin of that heat they give little positive information. The heat thus indicated has been supposed to be due to many causes, such as the pressure and friction caused by contraction of the cooling crust, chemical action at great depths beneath the surface, isolated lakes of molten rock due to these or to unknown causes, or to a molten interior, or at least a general substratum of molten matter between the crust and a possibly solid interior. The first two causes are now generally admitted to be inadequate, and our choice is practically limited to one of the latter.

There are also very important evidences of internal heat derived from the universal phenomenon of a fairly uniform increase of temperature in all deep wells, mines, borings, or tunnels. This increase has been usually reckoned as 1° F. for each sixty feet of descent,

<sup>1</sup> *Physics of the Earth's Crust*, by the Rev. Osmond Fisher, M.A., F.G.S. Second edition, altered and enlarged. Macmillan and Co., 1889. With an Appendix, 1891.

but a recent very careful estimate, by Professor Prestwich, derived from the whole of the available data, gives  $1^{\circ}$  F. for every 47.5 feet of descent. It is a curious indication of the universality of this increase that, even in the coldest parts of Siberia, where the soil is frozen to a depth of six hundred and twenty feet, there is a steady increase in the temperature of this frozen soil from the surface downwards. Much has been made by some writers of the local differences of the rate of increase, varying from  $1^{\circ}$  in twenty-eight feet to  $1^{\circ}$  in ninety-five; and also of the fact that in some places the rate of increase diminishes as the depth becomes greater.<sup>1</sup> But when we consider that springs often bring up heated water to the surface in countries far removed from any seat of volcanic action, and the extent to which water permeates the rocks at all depths reached by man, such divergences are exactly what we might expect. Now this average rate of increase, if continued downwards, would imply a temperature capable of melting rock at about twenty miles deep, or less, and we shall see presently that there are other considerations which lead to the conclusion that this is not far from the average thickness of the solid crust.

Before going further it will be well to consider certain objections to this conclusion, which for a long time were considered insuperable, but which have now been shown to be either altogether erroneous or quite inconclusive. In Sir Charles Lyell's "Principles of Geology," Mr. Hopkins is quoted as having shown that the phenomenon of the precession of the equinoxes, due to the attraction of the sun and moon on the equatorial protuberance, requires the interior of the earth to be solid, or at least to have a crust not much less than one thousand miles thick. This view was supported by Sir William Thomson and other eminent mathematicians, and so great was the faith of geologists in these calculations that for nearly forty years the theory of the earth's inter-

nal liquidity was almost wholly abandoned. But this argument has now been shown to be erroneous by the more complete investigations of Professor George Darwin, while Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin) has recently shown experimentally that a rotating liquid spheroid behaves under stresses as if it were a solid. Another difficulty arises from the phenomena of the tides. It has been argued that, if the interior of the earth is liquid, tides will be formed in it which will deform the crust itself, and thus, by lifting the water up with the land, do away with any sensible tides in the ocean. But Mr. Fisher has pointed out that this conclusion rests on the assumption that the liquid interior, if it exists, is not an expansible fluid; and he shows that if this assumption is incorrect it is quite possible that little or no deformation would be caused in the crust by tides produced in the liquid interior; and he further maintains, as we shall see further on, that all the evidence goes to prove that it is expansible. Moreover, in a late paper, he claims to have proved that even the deformation of the crust itself would not obliterate the ocean tides, but would diminish them only to the extent of about one-fifth.<sup>2</sup>

There remain the geological objections founded on the behavior of volcanoes, which is supposed to be inconsistent with a liquid interior as their effective cause. We have, for instance, the phenomenon of a lofty volcano like Etna pouring out lava from near its summit, while the much lower volcanoes of Vesuvius and Stromboli show no corresponding increase of activity; and the still more extraordinary case of Kilauea, on the lower slopes of Mauna Loa at a height of about thirty-eight hundred feet, whose lake of perennial liquid lava suffers no alteration of level or any increased activity when the parent mountain is pouring forth lava from a height of fourteen thousand feet. Again it is argued that if the igneous products of volcanoes are derived from one central reservoir there ought to be

<sup>1</sup> In a recent deep boring at Wheeling, Virginia, the rate of increase was found to be *greater* as the depth increased.

<sup>2</sup> Proceedings of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, 1892.

a great similarity between them, especially between those of the same district. But this is not the case, an example being the Miocene lavas of Hungary and Bohemia, which are of a totally different character from each other. But although the molten interior of the globe may be the common source of the heat which causes volcanic eruptions, it by no means follows that the whole, or any large portion, of the matters ejected from volcanoes are derived from it; and it is a remarkable indication of the probable truth of Mr. Fisher's theory, that, as will be shown further on, it entirely removes the two geological difficulties here noticed. At the same time it explains other geological phenomena of a striking character which the theory of solidity altogether fails to account for, as will be now briefly indicated.

It has long been known to geologists that the series of sedimentary rocks, ancient as well as modern, afford repeated examples of great piles of strata hundreds, or even thousands, of feet thick, which throughout present indications of having been formed in shallow water, and which therefore imply that as fast as one bed was deposited it sank down, and was ready to receive another bed on the top of it. As an example we may refer to the Palæozoic rocks of the Alleghany Mountains, which are not less than forty-two thousand feet thick; yet the lowest of these strata, the Potsdam sandstone, was not deposited in a deep sea, but evidently in shallow water near shore, several of the beds exhibiting distinct ripple markings, and the same is the case with the highest strata found there — the carboniferous. On this point Sir Archibald Geikie remarks:—

Among the thickest masses of sedimentary rocks — those of the ancient Palæozoic systems — no features recur more continually than the alternation of different sediments, and the recurrence of surfaces covered with well-preserved ripple-marks, trails and burrows of annelides, polygonal and irregular desiccation marks like the cracks at the bottom of a sun-dried, muddy pool. These phenomena unequivocally point

to shallow and even littoral waters. They occur from bottom to top of formations which reach a thickness of several thousand feet. They can be interpreted only in one way, namely, that the formations in question began to be laid down in shallow water; that during their formation the area of deposit gradually subsided for thousands of feet, yet that the rate of accumulation of sediment kept pace on the whole with this depression; and hence that the original shallow-water character of the deposits remained after the original sea-bottom had been buried under a vast mass of sedimentary matter.

Coming now to the other end of the geological record, we find in the deltas of existing rivers an exactly similar phenomenon. At Venice a boring of four hundred feet deep was entirely in modern fluvial mud, the bottom of which was not reached; and at four separate depths, one of them near the bottom, beds of turf or of vegetable matter were passed through, showing, as Sir Charles Lyell observes, "that a considerable area of what was once land has sunk down four hundred feet in the course of ages."<sup>1</sup> At Zagazig, on the eastern border of the Nile delta, borings have been made for the Royal Society, and have not found rock at a depth of three hundred and forty-five feet. In the delta of the Mississippi a well at New Orleans, six hundred and thirty feet deep, passed entirely through sands and clays, with fresh-water shells of living species. Again, in the delta of the Ganges, at Calcutta, a boring four hundred and eighty-one feet deep was entirely through beds of sand, peat, gravel, and other alluvial or fresh-water deposits. This remarkable concurrence of testimony from so many parts of the world, and from different geological periods, indicates a general law of subsidence so uniformly coinciding with deposition, and so regularly keeping pace with it, that we can hardly avoid the conclusion that the two phenomena are connected; and the most reasonable explanation seems to be that the deposit of matter in a shallow sea directly causes the depression of that bottom by its

<sup>1</sup> Principles of Geology, 11th ed., vol. i., p. 422.



weight. Such depression is quite intelligible on the theory of a thin crust resting or floating on a liquid substratum, but is quite unintelligible on the supposition of a solid globe, or of a crust several hundred miles thick. It is only reasonable to suppose that depression thus caused must be accompanied by a corresponding elevation of some other area, and as there must always be an adjacent area from which an equivalent weight of rock has been removed by denudation, we should expect the elevation to occur there; and many geologists believe that there is direct evidence of elevation wherever areas are being rapidly denuded.

In a very interesting letter to *Nature* (December 5th, 1889), Mr. J. Starkie Gardner states that he has actually observed the results of denudation to be of this character. He says:—

The immediate effect of cutting down cliffs, say of 100 feet in height, and removing them by wave-action, is to relieve the pressure at their base; and I claim that, wherever I have excavated for the purpose of collecting under such conditions, I have found a decided slope inwards away from the sea, if the strata were at all horizontal, no matter what direction their general slope might be at a distance from the sea margin. But on the beach, a little way from the base of the cliffs, the slope is, on the contrary, towards the sea. . . . This appears to me to be simply because the relief from pressure has made the beach-line the crown of a slight arch, and an arch that continues to grow and travel.

Hence he concludes that,—

Whether we look at the past or the present, we seem to see evidence of a crust resting in equilibrium on a liquid layer, and sensitive to even apparently insignificant readjustments of its weight.

The physical and geological phenomena of which an outline sketch has now been given, all point unmistakably to a thin crust of various rocks resting on a molten substratum; but there are certain difficulties and objections which require a fuller discussion. In order to remove these difficulties and answer these objections, we must, with the aid of Mr. Fisher's work, go more deeply

into the question, and we shall then find that, by means of some of the most refined inquiries of modern physicists, we are able to obtain so much additional information as to the peculiarities of the crust and of the substratum, that most, if not all, of the alleged difficulties will be found to disappear.

It is well known that mountains attract the plumb-line, and thus render latitudes determined by its means, or by a spirit or mercurial level, inaccurate in their vicinity. During the trigonometrical survey of India the amount of this error was carefully determined in several localities near mountains, but a discrepancy appeared. When the mass of the Himalayas was estimated and its attraction calculated, it was found to be more than the observed attraction. The same thing had occurred in the original experiment by Maskelyne at Schehallion in Scotland; and a similar deficiency in the error produced was noticed by Petit in the case of the Pyrenees. Many attempts were made to explain the discrepancy, but that which was advanced by the late Sir G. B. Airy, seems best to account for all the phenomena, and is that adopted by Mr. Fisher. It is, that every mountain mass on a continent has a much larger mass projecting beneath the crust into the liquid substratum, exactly as an iceberg has a larger mass under the water than above it. Sir G. B. Airy argued, that whether the crust were ten miles or a hundred miles thick, it could not bear the weight of such a mass as the Himalayan and Tibetan plateaus without breaking from bottom to top, and receiving support by partially sinking into the liquid mass. The best experiments show that the proportionate densities of most rocks in a solid and a liquid state are approximately as ice is to water, and thus no mountain masses can be formed, whether by lateral pressure or other agency, without a corresponding protuberance forming below to keep the crust in equilibrium. It is this displacement of the denser substratum by the less dense "roots of the mountains" that leads to the total attraction of such mountains being less

than they otherwise would be. In our author's words, "the roots of the mountains can be felt by means of the plumb-line."

Still more important and interesting are the revelations afforded by the pendulum, since they not only support the interpretation of the plumb-line experiments above given, but furnish additional material for estimating the varying thicknesses, and densities of the earth's crust. The rate of vibration of a pendulum of constant length depends upon the force of gravity at the place, and thus variations in that force can be determined with considerable accuracy. Taking the number of vibrations in a day of a seconds pendulum at the equator and at the sea-level as eighty-six thousand four hundred, the number of vibrations at any other latitude can be calculated on the theory that the earth is a perfect spheroid of revolution; and geodetic observations show that it has such a form. At any elevated station, whether on an isolated mountain or on an extensive plateau, the pendulum will vibrate more slowly on account of its greater distance from the centre of gravity of the earth, while it would vibrate more quickly on account of the additional attraction of the elevated mass immediately beneath and around it. These effects can be calculated, and the balance of the two, applied to the normal rate for the latitude, will give the theoretical rate due to the position and altitude of the station. Experiments were made at more than twenty stations in India, varying from the sea-level to over fifteen thousand feet above it, and at all the higher stations there was a deficiency of the observed from the calculated number of vibrations of from one to twenty-four vibrations in the twenty-four hours. In such delicate observations there were of course some irregularities, but the fact of a greater deficiency at the higher levels came out very clearly, and could be explained only by a deficiency of subterranean density due to the roots of the mountains displacing a denser substratum, as in the case of the plumb-line experiments.

Before leaving this subject of the "roots of mountains," it will be well to refer to a remarkable corroboration of their actual existence by evidence of a quite different kind. It has already been pointed out that the rate of increase of underground temperature would, if continued downwards till the heat equalled the melting point of rock, give a mean thickness of the crust of about twenty miles. But in places where the crust is so much thicker, as it is supposed to be under mountains, the rate of increase should be much less, because the lower level of the crust in contact with the liquid substratum must always be at about the same temperature — that of melting rock. This is found to be the case; the rate of increase at the St. Gothard tunnel, where the observations were most complete, being  $1^{\circ}$  F. in eighty-eight feet, and the corresponding thickness of the crust thirty-seven miles. This is certainly a remarkable confirmation of the other observations, and of the theory of mountains being supported in approximate equilibrium by means of vast protuberances into the liquid substratum beneath.

The general result of the whole series of experiments with the pendulum shows that gravity is normal at the sea-level both over land and sea, and thus proves that the surface of the globe is in a state of equilibrium. The measures of the force of gravity over the oceans have been necessarily taken on islands, and have led to a curious discovery. The pendulum experiments on oceanic islands such as the Galapagos, Ascension, St. Helena, Bourbon, Guam, and others, all show an increase in the force of gravity, which, on the average, is very nearly accounted for by the subaqueous mass of land displacing water of less than half the density of rock. Hence it is concluded that these islands or island-mountains do not have "roots" as do those on continents; and the same thing occurs with isolated volcanoes on continents, the attraction of Fujisan in Japan being exactly that due to its own bulk unaffected by the presence of "roots"

projecting into the substratum. This is explained by the fact that volcanic mountains are not produced by compression forcing the crust both downwards and upwards, as other mountain masses are supposed to have been produced, but are mere heaps of materials derived either from the crust or the substratum, and probably drawn from a considerable area. Hence they are balanced not by "roots" projecting immediately below them, but by a slight depression or sagging of the crust over a wide area, and thus having little effect on the rate of the pendulum. In the case of the Falkland Islands, however, the force of gravity is less than it ought to be, and this exception affords an interesting confirmation of the general theory. For these are not volcanic, but are true continental islands, forming the outer margin of the old continent of South America though now three hundred and fifty miles from land; and thus, being surrounded by water instead of by much heavier land, the force of gravity is somewhat reduced, water having here replaced a denser mass of land.

We now come to the more special researches of Mr. Fisher, which throw so much light on the hitherto unexplained phenomena of volcanoes. By means of some recent experiments on the melting-point and specific heat of rocks, made at his suggestion, he arrives at the conclusion that the average thickness of the earth's crust on lands near the sea-level is only about eighteen miles. Its density is estimated at 2.68, water being 1, and the density of the liquid substratum at 2.96.<sup>1</sup> With these new data it appears that if the melted substratum were an inert mass it would have cooled at such a rate that the crust would have attained its present thickness in about eight million years. But geologists are almost unanimously of opinion that any such period as this is absurdly too small, and that to account for the phenomena presented by the known series of rocks and their included organic remains, the very least

time that must be allowed is one hundred million years. The conclusion Mr. Fisher draws from this discrepancy is, that the substratum is not inert but energetic, that is, that it is in a state of movement or circulation, convection currents continually bringing up fresh heat from below and thus preventing the crust from solidifying so rapidly as if there were no such currents. A cause of such currents is found in the friction produced by tidal action in the liquid mass, which Professor George Darwin has shown to be very great, and to be at a maximum in the central portions.<sup>2</sup>

Gravity having approximately its normal value all over the globe at the sea-level, it is evident that there must be some denser matter under the oceans to make up for the much less density of the water, which is at least three miles deep on the average. A very refined mathematical investigation shows that this can only be brought about by the sub-oceanic crust being both thinner and denser than under the continents, the denser portion being the upper layer. This distribution of matter may, it is supposed, be due to extensive outflows of heavy basalt over the original depressions forming the ocean floors, at some early period of their history.

The physical constitution of the liquid matter forming the substratum is the next point to be considered, and is one of the highest importance, since it is evidently what determines both volcanic action and a large portion of the disturbances to which the crust is subject. Many geologists are of opinion that the phenomena of volcanic action can only be explained on the supposition that the molten matter forming the interior of the globe holds in solution enormous quantities of water-vapor and other gases; and there is ample evidence that melted lavas and slags do contain such gases, which they give out on becoming solid. Thus Mr. Scrope, in his great work on "Volcanoes," says:—

There unquestionably exists within and below volcanic vents, a body of lava of un-

<sup>1</sup> For these conclusions see the appendix to "Physics of the Earth's Crust."

<sup>2</sup> This is pointed out in a paper by Mr. Fisher of a later date than his volume above referred to; in Proc. Cambridge Phil. Soc., 1892.

known dimensions, permanently liquid at an intense temperature, and continually traversed by successive volumes of some aeriform fluid, which escape from its surface—thus presenting all the appearance of a liquid in constant ebullition.

And again :—

If any doubt should suggest itself, whether this fluid is actually generated within the lava, or only rises through it, having its origin in some other manner, it must be dispelled by the evidence afforded in the extremely vesicular or cellular structure of very many erupted lavas, not merely near the surface, but throughout the mass, showing that the aeriform fluid in these cases certainly developed itself interstitially in every part.

Professor Judd, in his volume on the same subject, shows that the presence of these gases in lava is in accordance with Henry's law, that liquids are able to absorb gases to an amount proportioned to the pressure they are under, and with the fact that molten substances do actually absorb large quantities of gases. He says :—

Silver in a state of fusion is able to absorb 22 times its volume of oxygen gas. When the metal is allowed to cool this gas is given off, and if the cooling takes place suddenly a crust is formed on the surface, and the phenomenon known as the spitting of silver is exhibited. Sometimes during this operation miniature cones and lava-streams are formed on the surface of the cooling mass, which present a striking resemblance to those formed on a grand scale on the surface of the globe. The researches of Troost and others have shown that molten iron and steel possess the property of absorbing considerable quantities of oxygen, hydrogen, carbonic acid, and carbonic oxide, and that these gases are given off when either the temperature or the pressure is diminished. . . . Von Hochstetter has shown that when molten sulphur is exposed to a temperature of 262° Fahrenheit, and a pressure of two or three atmospheres, in the presence of steam, it is found that the sulphur absorbs a considerable quantity of water, which is given off again with great violence from the mass as it undergoes solidification. The hardened crust which forms on the surface of the sulphur is agitated and fissured, miniature cones and lava-streams being formed upon it, which have a striking resemblance to the grander

phenomena of the same kind exhibited upon the crust of the globe.<sup>1</sup>

He then goes on to show that the enormous quantity of steam and other gases given off during volcanic action and from flowing lava streams, can only be accounted for by supposing that the molten rock from which they are derived contains these gases to an amount equal to many times their volume ; and that the same fact is indicated by the liquefied gases that are found in the cavities of the crystals of volcanic products which have consolidated under great pressure, such as granites, porphyries, and other rocks of allied nature.

There can, therefore, be no doubt as to the fact of the liquid substratum containing in its substance an enormous quantity of gases, the principal being water-vapor, but how the gases came there is less certain ; nor does it materially concern us. Some think that these gases have been largely derived from sea-water, which has found its way by percolation to the heated interior ; but there are many difficulties in this view. Others, with whom is Mr. Fisher, think that they form an essential constituent of the primeval globe, and that, instead of being derived from the ocean, it is more probable that the ocean itself has been derived from the vapors which have been always escaping from the interior. Leaving this question as one of comparatively little importance for the present discussion, we have now to point out how the facts, that the fluid substratum is saturated with water-vapor and other gases, and is also subject to convection currents continually bringing superheated matter up to the lower surface of the crust, enable us to explain the special difficulties alluded to in the early portion of this article.

The first of these difficulties is, that neighboring volcanoes of very different heights act quite independently, a fact which is supposed to be inconsistent with the idea that both are in connection with the same molten interior. It

<sup>1</sup> International Scientific Series, vol. xxxv., "Volcanoes," p. 355.

seems, however, to have been assumed that a mere fissure or other aperture extending from the surface to the substratum, or from the substratum to the surface, would necessarily be followed by an outflow of lava, even though the opening terminated at the summit of a mountain many thousand feet above the sea-level. But it is evident that on the theory of a molten interior, with a crust of somewhat less specific gravity resting upon it in hydrostatic equilibrium, nothing of the kind would happen. When a hole is bored through an extensive ice-field, whether on a lake or in the Arctic Ocean, the water does not spout up through the aperture, but merely rises to the same level as it would reach on the sides of a detached block of floating ice, or on the outer margin of the ice-field itself. The facts that the fluid on which the crust of the earth rests is intensely heated, and that the crust is continuous over its whole surface, can make no difference in the behavior of the fluid and the solid, so as to cause the molten rock to rise with great violence thousands of feet above its mean level whenever an aperture is made; and this is the more certain when we take account of the fact, which may now be taken as established, that the crust floats on the fluid interior, and that it is so thin and weak, comparatively speaking, that it cannot resist a strain equal to its own weight, but must bend or fracture so as to keep every part in approximate hydrostatic equilibrium. Volcanic action, especially continuous and permanent volcanic action like that of Stromboli and Kilauea, cannot, therefore, be explained by the mere existence of a thin crust and a molten interior; but it is well explained by the presence in the molten mass of vast quantities of gases existing under enormous pressure, and ready to escape with tremendous force whenever that pressure is greatly diminished, and the molten material that contains it lowered in temperature.

Let us now endeavor to trace what will happen when a fissure is opened gradually from below upwards till it reaches the surface. Owing to hydro-

static pressure the fluid will rise in the fissure, and in doing so will be subject to some cooling and diminution of pressure, which, as we have seen, will lead to a liberation of some of the contained gas. The pressure of this gas will aid in extending the fissure, and the liquid will continue to rise till it reaches the level of hydrostatic equilibrium, which would be somewhere about two miles below the surface. But throughout the whole mass of the liquid in the fissure, and for some depth below the under surface of the crust, there would be a continual liberation of intensely heated gases. These would no doubt carry with them in their upward rush a portion of the liquid matter which had risen from below, but they would also, owing to their intensely heated condition, melt off some portions of the rocky walls of the fissure, and thus give to the ejected volcanic products a local character. We here see the explanation of the supposed difficulty of the individuality of neighboring volcanoes and the diversity of their products, and also of the fact of an eruption of lava from the crater of a lofty mountain while the liquid lava of one close by, and thousands of feet lower, maintains its usual level. Kilauea we may suppose to owe its permanently molten lake to a siphon-like passage through which a constant flow of heated gases is maintained, and which suffices to keep its lava in permanent ebullition; while the lofty Mauna Loa has its vent usually blocked up, and may owe its occasional eruptions to an accumulation of gases in some deep-seated cavities which, at long intervals, become sufficiently powerful to burst away the obstacle and pour out a quantity of melted material derived from the sides of the channels through which they make their way upward.

The phenomena presented by the crater of Kilauea, where an extensive lava-lake remains in a constant state of ebullition while keeping approximately the same level, can only be explained by the upward percolation of heated gases in moderate and tolerably uniform streams, sufficient to keep up the



melting temperature of the lava ; while occasional more powerful outbursts throw up jets or waves of the molten matter, or sometimes break up the crust that has formed over portions of the lake. Here, evidently, there is no eruption in the ordinary sense, no fresh matter is being brought up from below, but only fresh supplies of intensely heated gases sufficient to keep the lava permanently liquid, and to produce the jets, waves, and fountains of lava, and the strange surging, swirling, and wallowing motions of the molten mass, so well described by Miss Bird, Lord George Campbell, and other competent observers.

The sketch now given of Mr. Fisher's investigations as to the nature of the molten interior of the earth and of the crust which overlays it, only covers a small portion of the ground traversed in his work. He there deals also with the more difficult questions of the stresses produced by the contraction of the cooling earth, and the various theories that have been suggested to explain the great inequalities of its surface. The origin of the great oceanic depressions and of the vast mountain masses that everywhere diversify the continental areas, and the causes that have produced the compression, upheaval, folding and crumpling of the rocks at every period of geological history, are all discussed, and some light is thrown upon these confessedly obscure and very difficult problems.

But whatever doubts may still exist as to the exact causes of these last-named phenomena do not apply to those to which the present article is mainly devoted. So many distinct but converging lines of evidence indicate the existence of a molten substratum holding in solution, in accordance with well-known physical laws, great quantities of steam and other gases, and show that the crust covering it is a very thin one — while the hypothesis of such a substratum and thin floating crust so well explains the curious phenomena of great masses of strata thousands of feet thick yet from top to bottom bearing

indications of having been deposited in shallow water, and the no less singular fact of a corresponding recent subsidence in all great river-deltas, and also clears up so many difficulties in the modes of volcanic action and the diversity of volcanic products — that we can hardly doubt the correctness of the hypothesis. And though at first sight the idea of our being separated by a thickness of only eighteen miles of rock from a layer of molten lava of unknown depth may appear somewhat alarming, yet the very tenuity and fragility of the crust may itself be a source both of safety and of utility. While sufficiently thick to secure us from any injurious or even perceptible effects of internal heat, except in volcanic or earthquake areas, it yet gives us the possibility and even the promise of an inexhaustible source of heat and power at such a moderate distance that we may some day be able to utilize it. On the other hand, the thin crust so readily and constantly adjusts itself to all the alternations of strain and pressure to which it may be exposed, that we are thereby secured from the occurrence of vast cataclysms capable of endangering the existence of any considerable portion of our race. A solid earth might, possibly, not be so safe and stable as is our molten globe.

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From The National Review.  
THE COMEDY OF COURTSHIP.

" We canna' want plenty o' gear ;  
Then, Maggie, bena' sae ill-willy."

FROM where the blue waters of the Firth of Forth wash the golden fringe of the grey mantle of Fife, the land slopes upwards with more or less steep acclivities, until it reaches the high lands of the Lomonds. On one slope, not much more than a mile from the coast, is my own village of The Braes. Here and there on the brae which leads into it stands a ramshackle house, like a winded traveller holding his side a while, ere he reach the summit, where, in a more orderly cluster, are the houses of the village proper. The main street — if that can be called a street which is

only a causewayed continuation of the brae — is flanked by grey, old buildings, with gables facing every airt, and gardens, full of phloxes and southernwood, lying sweetly in the sun. The causeway is rough, and worn, and sore to walk upon; but the villagers bear its discomforts, as many have borne the pains of a tight boot, for the sake of the distinction that it gives them among their neighbors. The passing traveller, and the country carts whose destinations lie beyond, take a short cut by the right, at the beginning of The Braes, and so on by the highway which the causeway joins on emerging from the north end of the village. Thus, the caus'ay, this backwater of what itself is not a highway, but merely a tributary stream of traffic, is exclusively the villagers', the hub of our little life. It, with the den down to which a hundred pathways straggle, has been the theatre for the tragedies and comedies of generations in The Braes. As it is, so has it been within memory. All day long the clatter of pans, the shrill salutations of the women, the quieter interchange of gossip among the few men left about the place, break in upon the wider hum which fills the air delicately as the peat-reek fills the nostrils. Morning, noon, and night, the flat patter of the milch-cows coming and going between the byres and the pasturage marks the time o' day. I have often thought that to many a bedridden creature that sound must have suggested Time passing in his slippers. As evening falls, the neighbors gather in on the rounded flags, between which the grass peeps green; to fight out a wordy battle on politics and wars, maybe; to discuss the identity of the casual visitor; more often to stand, and gaze, and see nothing. On the caus'ay, too, after their walk in the den, lovers part with a kiss that keeps echoing after they have entered their own doors; on the caus'ay, if ever they marry, they will take-up house, and dwell without a flitting, until they are lifted, once and for all, upon the spokes, and are carried over the worn stones to sleep with their fathers in the kirkyard.

As it is, so has it been for long. I can recall The Braes when Lyndsay Pettigrew lived there; and besides myself, and Dr. Aitken, there are few who can say that. He had helped two generations of its folk into the world; and into the heads of such of them as lived, and weren't idiots (not being too inbred), I knocked the rules of arithmetic and the trend of the "Shorter Catechism." Once or twice I have been rewarded by a lad going out from me to reap laurels; but, looking round on this little community in whose education I have spent my days, I will confess that the best members of it were once my dunces, and that neither worldly success nor the upright walk and conversation of any one of them can be traced to early aptness in perception of the rules of life, from "man's chief end" onward.

When Lyndsay Pettigrew carried on the Waterloo Arms, however, I was a young dominie with a high sense of the value of education; and especially of the means of education contained in my "Geographical Reader," which I was following up with a "Bible Manual." I am happy to say that the "Geographical Reader" and the "Bible Manual" of Thomas Alison have long since disappeared from any schoolboy's bag. I mention them here only because they were heavy on my mind when Maggie Pettigrew's love affairs were afoot; and, probably, they prevented at the time an addition to the band of her wooers. For Maggie was a well-developed girl for her age, which was only eighteen summers, and handsome in a big, Scotch way. To my mind (and I can speak on both points) hers was a character you would choose in a wife rather than in a heroine. The only child of a father who was a widower — devoted to her, it is true, but devoted also to his inn, his cows, his land, his gathering gear — Maggie had her upbringing left to nature, and to Betty Martin. In her early days, when Lyndsay was not so great a man, in a worldly sense, as now, "Lynd Pettigrew's Mag" (as she was named) was a lively lass, with spirits as high as those of the

boys, and physical strength as great as theirs. Even now, there were many lads in the village who said as she passed, "Mag Pettigrew and I stole the minister's pears one September night;" or, "Do you remember Mag licking the tinker's boy for capsizing our slide on the brae?" And they said other things which showed that it was as well for Maggie that their friendships were at an end. Not that the lads in The Braes were worse than lads anywhere. Only, women, as the best they can do, hedge themselves in with a test of manners; and so, when that period of Maggie's life was over, and she ceased to be a girl among boys, some natural modesty, and the increasing number of her father's cows maybe, made the hedge more bristly than usual. Rumor spoke of many wooers to this staid young lady, who talked (and dressed also, they said; I did not notice it) almost too demurely. But for a time it always spoke of their dismissal. Then some said that so very sensible a lass as Maggie would not wed, knowing the comfortable home that was hers. Others, who knew her better, held that she was the more sensible inasmuch as her old spirit and humor were only lying hid. Others again — and they were the oldest inhabitants — smiled knowingly, and said "she was a handsome wench, and it were onnatural she didna' wed." These last were right, as you shall hear, if you care to follow her story as it shapes itself in my mind. That I remember their forecasts, and trouble my head with Maggie's courtship is due to the fact that the initial stages of the comedy, and some of the later, came under my notice; and I feel a fondness in drawing upon my recollection of them, as even the pouring out of small-beer may interest one who has been at the bottling and the corking of it.

## II.

THE sun had set behind the dark masses at the head of the den; the long shadows of the gables merged in the greyneß that descended on my papers where I sat in my garden arbor wedged

into an angle of the back walls of the Waterloo Arms. On my way thither I had passed a crowd on the causerie, gathered round the blue-chalked steps of the inn to watch John Berry paint the carnage of Waterloo. Like many an artist before and since, Berry was glad to set against his landlord's reckoning his handiwork on his landlord's signboard. All the village was there; all the village with an open-mouthed interest in art, except myself, who (silly devil) was bent on clarifying the puddle fountain of morality for the young and tender consciences that were to drink at it. Now that the gloaming was settling on the first sheets of the "Bible Manual" I lay back, and smoked, and thought of fame. Behind the trellis of my bower, on my left, was the inn parlor; and the sounds that reached me through its open window told that the painting was over for the night, and that a little crowd had pressed into the inn to house the masterpiece with triumph. Presently (as I could hear) the tide ebbed, leaving among the tables and chairs a stranded worthy or two, who brewed their toddy with a slice of art in it for the nonce.

"It's a wonderful airt, is paintin'," I could hear the wheelwright say; but doubtfully, as became one who moved, on sufferance only in the polite society of The Braes. "'Tis a wonderful airt; and I'm thinking no nane o's here could do muckle to it."

"Ye're richt there, Sandy," said Dicky Doig; "but they tell me the Reverend Maister Soutar, o' Tail-about, is a gran' hand at the paintin'."

"Maister Soutar! A bombastical fellow," growled Rab Duncan, the grocer. "I heard 'im preachin' last hairst. 'Gangs about through the week wi' common claes; no tails, mind ye, just a jecket."

"I ha'e heard o' his jecket," returned Dicky pacifically, "and I'll no' say but what he's wrong there. Though, maybe, the body was wantin' to save guid broad-claith like ordnar' folk. But, as I was sayin', he's a gran' hand at the paintin'."

"Mair shame to 'im, Dicky Doig," said the grocer, setting down his tumbler with a bang.

"Yes?" queried Dicky.

"Yes. I'd warrant he might be better employed than in dabbing lead-pent on canvas. I'm no' sayin' but what signboards and sic-like, are necessary; but dab, dab, dab, making believe 'tis trees and watter, when ye can stap doon the den and see them for yoursel'. To my mind, that's no' a tred for honest folk."

"Ye're may be richt," replied Dicky, "though I'll no say it's a dishonest tred, neyther."

I was laughing to myself at the little risk Dicky ran of falling out of a cart by sitting too much to one side, when a thin little laugh, and a chirpy voice, saying "You're a judicious man, Richard," informed me that the exquisite of the village was of the company. George Hunt's conversational powers were the only rivals, for village esteem, of Rab Duncan's money-bags. Therefore, when he continued, "You forget that art is required for amusement—amusement and refinement," I pricked my ears for Rab's reply to that challenge.

"Damme," it came, "penters are no better than play-actors, or gangrels then; and we ken what amusement and refinement mean wi' them—bairns on the parish."

"You'll perhaps have heard," George proceeded in his mincing tones, not heeding Rab's remark, "you'll perhaps have heard of the great nations of anteequity, the Romans and the Phœnicians, with their statues and temples."

"Wha' cares for yer Phœnicians?" quoth Rab. "An ye tak' yer cue from furrin folk, we might all be turbanned poleegamists the morn. I dinna pretend to learning, like some I could mention; but I say that paintin's no' an honest tred i' this country onyway."

"Social feeling, gentlemen, social feeling," said Lyndsay Pettigrew. "There's some in the tred make a pile o' money out o' it."

"Money!" chirped George. "There was a house I was in the habit o' visit-

ing, where there was a picture by Reynolds, worth thousands and thousands of pounds."

"Ay, mon!" said Sandy. "What ane Reynolds wis that, Maister Hunt?"

"He would belong, maybe, to ane o' the nations o' anteequity," Rab suggested grimly, imitating the pedantic manner of his rival.

"No," said George complaisantly; "he was a Spaniard. He came over at the time of the Armada. The natives of Spain and Portingale, you see, were steeped in ignorance and vice; and so he came to this enlightened country of ours, and was patronized by the nobility and gentry."

"Hey! Paintin' their mistresses as should ha'e known better," grunted Rab.

"Fegs, but they're gey laads, the painters are," said the wheelwright, with what I recognized as an effort to bring back the conversation from the too high level it had reached under Mr. Hunt's guidance. "Now, I'm thinking our friend Mr. Berry, ben the house, has a fell eye for the woman. Leastways, Widow Hutton's lassie doon the den and him's very thick; and she's a braw wench."

"Tut, tut, tut!" said George.

"What are you tutting at?" said Rab.

"Oh! she'll be posing as his model. And you must allow for the arteestic temperament."

"Arteestic or no' arteestic," said Rab, "they're a set o' damnish scoundrils; and, what's mair," he added, "if I was Lyndsay I wouldna' allow them to pother round my dochter as they do."

Here the conversation broke off suddenly with the entrance of Lyndsay himself and a new-comer, who, as I guessed from the salutations, was Neil Erskine, the recently appointed gauger at the malt-barns. He had been having tea in the kitchen; and presently the kitchen window was flung open, and the flames in the great hearth flickered through the lattice on my right. There was Maggie Pettigrew washing the te dishes; and, even as I looked, I saw

her stop the work and bend to a sketch which Berry was exhibiting by the fire-light.

"It's Mr. Erskine!" she cried, with genuine delight. "Mr. Erskine at his tea, and me serving him. He's as like as life."

"And the other?" he asked. "Is it as like as life?"

"I'm not a judge of that."

"No? Then I must be;" and he drew nearer her, and set her at arm's length, and made as if to test the likeness in his sketch. I tell the truth when I say that I had never noticed what a handsome quean Maggie was; but it couldn't escape me now, as she stood there, her eyes looking frankly into his, and the firelight playing on her figure, whose contour loomed soft and large in the thick gloaming. It had fallen dark so suddenly that when the flames held back I could scarce see the two.

"I ought to paint you in your kitchen here, as a Vestal priestess, Maggie," I heard him say. "Your fire never goes out, summer or winter."

Maggie probably did not understand.

"I mean you're the angel of the hearth," he translated himself freely. "Rather a big angel, though," he added, laughing, and looking into her hazel eyes with assured impertinence. But Maggie — Maggie as a rule so shrewd and sensible — did not seem to resent the look.

"I don't know what I'm to do with-out you when I go away," he went on; adding, as Maggie kept her place, and said nothing, "I must go away in a day or two, and I shall be sorry to leave The Braes — and my sweetheart there."

She moved in between him and the fire, so that the deep color in her face was lost to me, and to him I felt sure.

He looked at his sketch.

"I can't see, my dear, when you stand between me and the fire."

"I must fetch the lamps," she said, and turned to the door.

"Stay!" he cried. "Take this — from me." He tore the sketch off the block; and as she took it caught her

hands, and drew her to him, and kissed her.

Just then a pail clattered on the flags; a door-latch clinked; and, freeing herself with a limp struggle, the strapping girl hurried with the sketch from the room.

When Betty Martin entered, and saw — whatever it was that she saw — she was indignant. Stolen kisses are sweetest, they say; and oftentimes as innocent as sweet. This Betty knew well. There might have been a hundred arms round Maggie, and her keen old eyes would have been blind to them. But I suppose Betty's heart told her to distrust the painter. And you may trust a woman's heart when it sees evil, although you may not trust it in aught else. Now that she scented danger for her treasure, she went about like a collie, with irrelevant showing of teeth and snapping at the heels of the enemy. Bang went the pails on the floor, and in a twinkling she was through the kitchen and had met Maggie in the lobby with the lamps. She took them from her; rudely, it seemed to me. Maggie was in too much of a flutter, perhaps, to be delicately perceptive.

John nodded to her as she set them on the table where he cleaned his brushes.

"Fine night, Betty!"

"It's the company mak's the night fine," she said, with her head in the air.

"Which shows I was right, being honored with yours," he replied.

I laughed to myself, for I knew that Betty could not abide the English tongue at any time, and guessed that the fine-spokenness of the artist was worse to bear than his rude smile.

"My man," she broke out, "it's doon the burn ye maun gang wi' your clash. There's folk there that'll swallow it quick. There's none here want it."

I recognized the stab about Liz Hutton. If John felt it, his conceit at Maggie's compliance assuaged it. He forgot that that compliance stood out stark in Betty's mind also; else he had



not said recklessly, "I'm not so sure of that."

"Ye impident whalp!" she cried. "Div ye think that my Maggie's another Liz Hutton?"

Further, she spoke her mind plainly, accusing him of flirting with Maggie when he had a sweetheart down the den, wearying at his tryst; taunting him for occupying rooms he couldn't pay for.

"He's Maggie's father," she said significantly, when he threatened to appeal to the landlord; and warned him to quit the inn if he would not have Lyndsay's wrath added to his score.

With that the window was shot down with a bang, the curtain drawn, veiling the firelight from my retreat. Taking up my papers, I went home to my work, wondering what the upshot would be. I was not surprised to hear next day that John Berry had turned his back on The Braes.

## II.

I HAD discovered Betty eager to speed the parting guest, and that winter I had many opportunities of watching her welcome the coming. I could see that Neil Erskine was in her good books; and he deserved to be. He was sturdy in spite of his age; of only medium height, he was well knit; and his face was hale and hearty, if fringed with grey. The gentleness of his ways and the courtesy of his manner won the esteem of all The Braes, as it had won that of Betty. It is not to be denied that rumors of a well-filled stocking-foot helped him to both. The village judgment set him at once beside Rab Duncan and George Hunt—a tribute which the simple old gentleman accepted naturally. He was glad to have Rab as a friend, and, unable himself to speak on any subject save his business, he listened with laughable awe to the incessant flow of George Hunt's conversation. And he listened often; for when the winter closed in with the long nights upon the little village George Hunt frequently joined Neil round the kitchen fire. Living cheek-by-jowl with

Lyndsay (as it were) I also was a frequent visitor there, and could not but wonder that two men of such different kidney as Neil and George should draw together thus. I was not long in discovering that George was attracted by a flame to the scorching of his wings. He was a dandified, jealous, little old man, who could see nothing go past him. In the same dainty manner in which he dangled his bamboo, he had been dangling in his mind the notion of taking Maggie to wife. Rab's remarks about the artist's attentions to Maggie, which had pricked my curiosity that night in the bower, had pricked his fancy to a practical purpose; and striking up a friendship with Neil was a stage on the way to winning Maggie. It gave him an excuse for visiting at her fireside three nights a week, at the least; and on those occasions, with a nice sense of the end in view, he appeared in all the glory of a white waistcoat. As must ever be the case, he suffered for this nice sense; for the village boys had none of it, and hid in the doorways, jeering at him, and shouting "Lairdy! Lairdy!" after him, so that his progress to Maggie's kitchen was proclaimed to all in The Braes that cared to listen for it. Moreover, it grew cold as the nights crept in, and he shivered much until he got a waistcoat of thicker stuff and a darker pattern—but of a pattern so gorgeous that it startled himself the first time he blazed forth in it, in the lamplight of the inn.

All this amused Maggie. From delicate indications which appeal only to a woman's sense, she guessed his mind. Once she anticipated his coming, and, in the dark end of the lobby, shook with suppressed laughter at the sight of his preparations for an effective entry. He arranged his cravat afresh beneath his wide, upstanding collar; he stroked his lean corporation, straightening the creases of his waistcoat, and pulling from beneath it the bunch of seals, which, on dark nights, he carried there for safety's sake. With the instinct of her tomboy days, Maggie banged a door by her side loudly, as he was taking the pinch of snuff wherewith to fortify him-

self, and he shot into the kitchen in great agitation, and robbed of his usual precision. For, generally, as I have seen often, his entrance was made with a profound bow, and a "Cold, ees it not, Mees Maggie?" So long as he wore the white waistcoat it was cold, and by the time the new one arrived the remark had become stereotyped. Then he would take his seat in the corner opposite Neil, while Maggie, if not busy, sat on her stool, and plied her knitting-needles as she listened to the talk of the two old men. I used to think, as I watched it all, that she was laughing in her sleeve, and thinking of John Berry. It was evident that Neil was amazed at his friend's entertaining manner.

The truth of the situation dawned upon him, I believe, on a night when we were accompanying George home from one of these sederunts. The caus'ay felt cold after the warmth of the inn, and George, after his habit, was uttering platitudes on our being creatures of circumstance.

"Just as if auld fogies like you and me were to marry; I daursay we might feel strange-ways," was Neil's comment thereon.

"Well, well," said George, in his high quaver, not appreciating the turn the conversation was taking, "we might, you know, or we might not, you know. We're made so different—by nature and temperament so different. But marriage is a keetle thing, Mr. Alison,"—he looked to me—"very keetle."

"Is there no word of Miss Pettigrew getting a man?" I asked—maliciously, I confess.

"No. No' that I ken o', Mr. Alison," said Neil.

"Ah!" said George; "there *was* a certain eendividual, a painter person."

"There's nothing in that, I'm sure," Neil replied.

"Of course not, of course not." And George crowed and strutted on the causeway, till he stumbled into one of its pools. When he recovered, he went on:—

"He'll require to be a very respectable man that'll marry Mees Pettigrew."

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"Oh! very respectable," said Neil.

"And sensible."

"And sensible," said Neil in far-off tones, as if he were weighing himself in the balance.

"And well-eeenformed," continued George. "She's very fond of instructive conversation."

"Ay?" said Neil; not very cordially, it struck me.

"Yes! I've noticed that when I've been speaking she's very attentive."

The night was dark; but I caught a comical expression on Neil's face. There was light enough for him to read George's mind.

"You'll have noticed it yourself?" George asked.

"No, me," said Neil, with extreme honesty.

"It's the case, though," said George. "She's said as much to me, many's the time," he added, pique giving falsehood the bit. "You see," he said, in parting, "Mees Maggie and me's old friends—very parteeecular old friends—and maybe she'll be shy in talking to you about me."

Thus things wore on without more happening that I can bring to my mind, until the 31st of October. Among the hearths that in the hospitable county of Fife welcomed old friends on Halloween was that of the Waterloo Arms. In the early part of the evening there were lusty boys and girls ducking for apples with cheeks as rosy as their own. Blind-man's-buff, hunt-the-slipper, jing-a-ring, followed, and much more that my office deprived me of, for a dominie may not damp the joy of such a gathering. By the time I arrived preparations were going forward for the potato feast which crowns Halloween ceremonies. Above the din I could hear Betty Martin in the scullery pounding the potatoes with might and main, keeping tune the while, with the refrain:—

*Why do the Heath-en rage,  
And the pe-ople imagine a vain thing?*

Betty went through all her household duties to the rhythm of familiar lines.

When the dark feast was over, and the lamps were relit, it was found that

Maggie had got the ring. There was clapping of hands at the discovery, and Lyndsay Pettigrew looked to his daughter.

"Maggie, Maggie, there's nae luck in love," he said slyly. I looked at her, and read her thoughts. Could her father know about the pencil drawing which she kept up-stairs? Or of the weary outlook for a letter that never came? Or that this comment on love he was repeating was echo of her own experience, that Cupid without Good Fortune availeth nothing? Her confusion was covered, however, by the hunt for the button. That symbol of perpetual bachelordom was not to be found. Yet Betty was sure she had put it in the pot, and said so rather sharply, when George continued to make particular inquiries after it.

"I've a gey shrewd suspecion wha's fund the button," she muttered to herself.

"Was it a large one?" said George gingerly. "No one could have swallowed it, think ye?"

Betty did not think so.

"My fegs! It's the findin' o't they couldna' swallow," she replied, with a snap.

All George's inquiries failed to discover the culprit; and soon the bairns were away home, and one or two elders only remained. Betty had gone off to milk the cows, which for two hours had stood crying in the byres; and Maggie, flinging a shawl about her, went out with her pitcher to the well. The well—"The Dog's Head" it was called from the carved knob, carved in the image of a dog, which adorned it—stood some yards from Lyndsay's inn, and the way to it for Maggie lay out of the back door and through the yard, whereon was a gate to the caus'ay.

The pitcher was filled, and Maggie had stooped to lift it, when a figure emerged from the gateway.

"Mr. Erskine!"

"Ay, Maggie; it's me," Neil said. He took the pitcher from her. "I cam' oot to help ye."

She thanked him, and as she walked in silence at his side, drew her shawl

closer to her wondering eyes. Neil had nothing to say. He was content carrying her pitcher. The dog in the couch at the far end of the yard rattled at his chain. Through the open door of the byre came the faint rays of Betty's lamp, and her quavering song of the pail as the milk fell merrily. When he reached the scullery, Neil set down his pitcher, and, beaming under Maggie's renewed thanks, passed into the kitchen. She watched him to his seat; then it seemed to me that her eyes fell on George Hunt, whose little voice chirped continually. Shrinking back into the shadow of the scullery she laughed lowly to herself.

"It's the daft auld," I heard her murmur, and laugh again. When she re-entered, the nut-keg had been produced. As George Hunt placed two nuts upon the cinders, he looked towards her so confidently that he brought the angry blood to her cheeks. The nuts were scarcely laid together when they began to hiss and spit, then parted company with a shot.

"Ees she away?" said George, in reflective rather than in enquiring tones, as he turned a rueful face to the company.

"Better think twice afore ye tak' that one to wife," laughed Lyndsay.

"He'll have to spier her afore he tak' her," answered Neil, who had been watching George keenly. He blushed before the speech was out of his mouth; but Maggie enjoyed it, and her eyes met Neil's confidently, as the eyes of two people do who share a secret with a third. But when she remembered Neil she veiled, with her pitcher, her eyes, and felt—I don't know what she felt; I can but guess.

"It's your turn, Neil," said the landlord.

Nothing loth to venture where his rival had fared so badly, Neil stooped over the ribs.

"Wha's the lassie?" questioned the company.

"She might tell herself; it's more nor I could venture," he replied evasively, shooting a rapid glance at Maggie all the same. And, if there was

truth in the omen of the nuts, his life with Maggie was to be happy and contented. Such were some of the passages of the comedy to which luck had given me the cue. And I remember that, before we departed, a very learned discussion had sprung up between George Hunt and the Farmer of Thirdpart anent the services of the church. Mr. Ireland was a stranger to the district, and he appeared so much interested that George imagined he had got a model auditor. Watching the two, I thought I detected a dry smile wrinkling the farmer's lips as he listened to the wonderful display of erudition.

"Ay, mon!" said Thirdpart, by and by when George had finished his story about the "Caanonical Books," "ay, mon, and wha div ye think would write the metred version o' oor Psawls?"

"Oh!" quoth George, the ever-ready, "it was the Westminster Assembly of Divines that metred them. It met, ye see, in the year —"

"Mon," interrupted Thirdpart "ye've been talking a parcel o' balderdash. They were metred by auld Dauvit Rowse, o' the Long Parliament."

He himself was wrong there, for it was Sir Francis Rous who metred them; but I had no mind to notice that, in my enjoyment of what followed; for the cruel old villain went back over George's "eenforming" conversation, and plucked it badly, till George was fain to suggest a move.

We rose with him.

"Who ees he?" he asked Lyndsay at the door, pointing over his shoulder at the farmer, whom we had left sitting. "Who ees he?"

"He's the laird o' Thirdpart doon the coast," replied the landlord.

"Ay, mon, ay," murmured George as, in discomfited mood, he traced his steps to his own door. "I thought he was just a bit farmer body," he said ruefully. Then I was aware of a curious thing: a white streak through the air, just a tinkle on the caud'ay, a splash in the puddle in front of us, a word under his breath from George. I knew that he had flung away the button.

## III.

THE days and nights of winter passed away with silent speed. With me, so many pages of the "Manual" written, so many more castles built; with the inn-folks, so many bargains struck by Lyndsay, so many duties performed by the faithful Betty, so many aspirations heaved of Neil's heart, which was human, if aged, so many wistful looks cast by Maggie down the brae that the painter had set his face from. These things made up the web of our life, and all the delicate patterns the heart weaves on it were more or less unobserved.

George Hunt still visited the Waterloo Arms to pay court to its handsome mistress; dimly perceiving in Neil Erskine a rival; too conceited to notice the access of hope that came to that rival with Maggie's need for protection from his own impotency. And, although Maggie was careful, it could not but be that Neil should interpret her appeal as a sign of more than ordinary confidence. He did not step so far beyond the modest bounds, set by the simple people of The Braes, that it occurred to any one (saving Betty, and myself, who, in a measure, was her confidant) that he was courting Lyndsay's daughter. Had any one guessed that the two old boys were battling for the beauty, he would have laid long odds upon the one dwelling in the house. Apart from his bond with Maggie in their mutual antipathy to George, Neil had opportunities; he was at hand for her pitcher, he could do errands for her in the neighboring towns. So long as he lacks the feminine knowledge, and preserves the masculine clumsiness, a man's handiness stands him in good stead to a woman's favor. And when Lyndsay and he sat by the fire o' nights he related experiences which, if they did not raise the spark of love in Maggie's breast, as did the Moor's tales in Desdemona's, as she sat and listened, excited her interest at the least; mayhap her sympathy. And the painter? He had promised to write, and had not written; he had promised to return with the spring weather, and it was

even now at the door. It sent word of its coming if he did not, poor Maggie may have pondered. I believe I often caught her in that way of thinking; and caught myself wondering, too, if she still kept the pencil-sketch between the boards of her Bible, or if her ancient wooers were taking the sentiment out of her?

One evening when spring had drawn over the trees in the den a flimsy veil of green, I was seated, alone with Betty, in the kitchen, when George Hunt entered. 'Twas Sunday, and not a day for paying visits, except among near neighbors, as Betty and I could hold ourselves to be. But, when the landlord's pew had emptied that afternoon, George noticed Lyndsay drive away with the farmer of The Braunchils in the old mud-bespattered gig that rumbled at the thick-coated heels of the Braunchils mare. The farmer and Lyndsay were fellow-elders, whose high estate demanded, every fourth Sunday at the least, a "confab;" which, curiously enough, was not conducted among the members of the family, but in the byres, and in the fields. There was a story, indeed, which came to the surface of The Braes gossip every now and then, that Rab Cuick, sitting on the edge of a cruive one evening, heard Lyndsay say:—

"If it weren't Sawbeth, Braunchils, what wad ye be seeking for that pig?"

And Braunchils had replied that if it were not Sawbeth he would take such and such a price. But Rab Cuick's word was not to be depended upon.

At any rate, the landlord's absence this night was not likely to be short; and that, doubtless, determined George to a more explicit wooing than he had yet ventured on. When he found us alone, there was concern in his eye; and in Betty's a twinkle as she told him that Neil Erskine and Miss Maggie were both out.

"It's a very agreeable night for a walk, don't ye think?" he asked, meaning the question partly as a feeler, partly as a means for gaining time for further fishing. He was watched by

one who was a humorist, albeit old and notably ill-favored. Betty had a contempt for George; and was indignant at his trying to probe her on Maggie's affairs. In a flash, therefore,—

"Ay, is it, Maister Hunt, thank ye; but I maun keep the hoose when the ithers are oot," she said.

It was a sally Betty chuckled over to her dying day. To me, who heard it, she turned in glee.

"He's awa up the caus'ay wi' his tail atween his legs like a lickit puppy," she chortled.

To George it was as plain as a pike-staff that Maggie and Neil were down the den, where men and women seldom went together unless they were lovers. But he wished to be the witness of his fate; and when he turned from Betty he made down one of the many pathways that straggle to the den edge. The one he chose led out upon the sloping side, in the dark shadow of some trees that clustered at the garden's foot. From there a half-traced path, a path made by the boys who alone frequented it, led down between the beeches on the slope to where the burn ran. Another worked round to it with many windings and gentle dips.

George had reached the trees, and naturally would have turned into the latter path, had he not heard the sound of voices, and caught sight of Maggie and Neil making along it. Quick as a rabbit, he bolted down the other path, and behind the nearest beech-bole. From this place of vantage he could see his rival and Maggie, and he was rewarded for his cunning far beyond his expectations. It is true the slope was steep, and slippery after the winter rains, and he had to clutch the little black twigs tightly to keep his place while the couple remained beneath the trees where the three roads met. But the time did not seem long; for when Neil asked Maggie to be his wife George heard her refusal. She had been waiting for this; her only doubt was whether George or Neil should be first at the tape. Yet when Neil took her hand below the trees and "spiered her," she was frightened, and sorry, and wished



to be home. His was not an offer to be refused by any sensible girl without a thought. But when he would not go without his answer, she cried (the tears come quickly to the eyes of big women), and said that she was sorry it could not be; and then, natural as a daisy, she took his arm and let him lead her down the narrow lane, at the end of which the lights of the caus'ay-head were twinkling.

George heard the refusal, worded as if another had won her heart. Who but himself could the other be? He laughed at his fears, and said he might have remembered she was a sensible lass. So he laughed, and talked to himself, as he whipped into the caus'ay by another route, and sped to the inn in hope of reaching it before the others. But he did not. As Betty and I still chatted on the hearth, Maggie entered, and Neil, not bearing on his face a trace of his chagrin. Yet it must have been in his heart; for he had heard the twigs snap as George sprang up the road; he had seen his rival's shadow beyond the hedge, and had recognized it. And his anger was ablaze as he brought Maggie home. Presently in came George, laboring in his breath, and fumbling in his mind for an excuse to Betty for his reappearance. Precision was the starch with which George was made up; take that out of him, and you left him limp. The greetings over, he tried to cover his embarrassment by plunging into conversation with Betty Martin.

"Eet's quite true what I heard about Lisbeth Hutton's daughter, 'Liza,' he said. "She's run away."

Neil was seated by the fire, taking off his boots; and Maggie, having laid her Bible and her hat upon the dresser, was undoing her jacket.

George proceeded:—

"And I should not be surprised, from what I hear, if she's run away to the painter body that lived here last fall."

There was a pause; then Maggie stood over him. Her big eyes flashed beneath the pale brows, and transfixed him where he sat in the shadow of her heaving bosom.

"It's a lie—a low, cowardly lie!"

she said at length. Then she flung her jacket from her, and, burying her face in her hands, stumbled up the dark stairs. The jacket struck the edge of the table, and fell on the stone floor, bringing her Bible over with it. A scrap of paper slipped from between the leaves, and fluttered in the draught caused by her violent exit. It was John's sketch.

No one spoke. George Hunt sat cowering in his chair ere he rose to go. When he did cross the floor the paper at his feet took his eye, and he picked it up. He would have laid it on the dresser had not Betty from her corner hissed after him,—

"Lay that down, ye thief!"

That was Betty's second insult for one afternoon; and his gorge rose at it. As he walked away he crushed the drawing more tightly in his hand. In a second Betty had been upon him; she looked the picture of a wild cat crouched to spring. But Neil held her back.

"Leave him to me!" he cried, and leaped down the three steps on to the cruel stones of the caus'ay, his grey-blue, thick-ribbed stockings glimmering like sabots in the darkness.

"George Hunt," he cried, "I want that paper."

"Yees! And how will ye geet eet?" answered George, scarce halting on his way.

"How will I geet eet?" quoth Neil. His thumbs were on George's throat, and he shook him, as a dog shakes a rat, and flung him on the inn wall.

"That's how I'll geet eet," he said, taking the sketch from the nerveless fingers.

When he returned to the kitchen, I had fled. It was from Betty that I learned that he spread out the crumpled drawing, and laid it in the Bible which Betty had by this time picked up from the floor. But first, as she told me, he looked at it, and at the back, whereon the painter's name was written in Maggie's own hand; and she heard a hardness in his breath. Doubtless at that moment the meaning of Maggie's refusal of him, of her sudden passion at George, dawned on him. He sat down

by the fire, letting the heat play on his feet, which were sore and tender now, where the sharp stones of the caus'ay had cut them.

"Is this true, Betty?" he said at length.

"I dinna ken; but I think it no more nor likely."

"Puir lassie! Puir lassie!" And Betty knew that he spoke of Maggie, not 'Liz Hutton.

"It's the best could happen her—and you," Betty continued, looking Neil straight in the face, and closing the "Holy War" on her lap.

He did not affect to misunderstand her.

"She refused me this nicht," he said, casting down his eyes apologetically.

"Ay, mon! But she winna' the morn," replied Betty; and, bidding him good-night, she left him with that consolation.

#### IV.

SPRING passed away before summer, and no painter returned to The Braes. George Hunt's story about 'Liz Hutton having run away to Berry turned out to be true; and, if I know myself, that did not make it easier for Maggie to forgive George. His burden was not light. To him, it seemed that he had borne all his trials for her, and that she had turned against him. Even the door of the Waterloo Arms was shut against him—for delicate reasons. He felt himself the bearer of a great wrong, and carried it about with him pompously. That, indeed, was his only relief, for his woes were not of a kind to be discussed; and when (as happens to us at all times) we have a grievance in which our neighbors cannot sympathize we seek consolation in large talking to ourselves.

Lyndsay noticed George's absence; it was a customer gone, and he enquired the reason. Finding that it lay in a quarrel between Neil and George, he was content, Neil being the more profitable guest. Besides, he was led to suspect that somehow the womenfolk of the household sided with Neil; and Lyndsay Pettigrew, a widower, and the

father of a grown-up daughter, had strong opinions about the mysteriousness of women's ways, and the wisdom of never going contrary to them. So George Hunt fell away from our acquaintance in The Braes.

That the ways of women are mysterious Neil was soon to learn, as well as that Betty was skilled in them. He was too shrewd to take literally her remark about being accepted the morn. Had he been thirty years younger, the two or three months in which he waited and was silent would have seemed a larger slice of life than they did to him now. Whether a maiden's heart is to be captured by assault, or by sitting down against it, every lover must decide; when he has reached the age of sixty he finds it less difficult to adopt the starving-out course. It took some months to mollify Maggie's wounded pride, to raise her from her self-humiliation. At times, the kiss Berry had given her, six long months before, burned on her cheek. Only at times. Again and again she caught herself dwelling with pleasure on the days when the painter lived at the inn. Then her self-upbraiding broke forth afresh. Her impulse was to tear the little drawing into a thousand pieces; but she did not. It no longer lay in her Bible; but it may still be found, as I know, among the heirlooms of her children. The glamour of youth was gone, indeed; but by the time the birds again sang in full chorus in the den Neil had won the day.

I remember well that one evening that summer many of us were gathered in the parlor, when across the window there fell the shadow of Neil Erskine, as he slowly sauntered past.

"There's Neil awa' by," said one. "They tell me he's gaun to marry yer dochter."

It was the first intimation of the fact that Lyndsay had received. He said nothing; but, stepping to the window, gazed after the retreating figure of his son-in-law to be. He could not have denied that he was disappointed. He could have wished one younger, one more of an age with the buxom daugh-

ter of whom he was so proud. It does not become me to speak on that point. But to him it all seemed further proof of the mysteriousness of woman's ways, which so impressed him.

"If the lassie's pleased, I've no objection," he said, half to himself; and turned away.

And thus Lyndsay's consent was given.

The marriage took place on a day in late autumn—a red-letter day in The Braes. The caus'ay was crowded, in honor of the event, as it had not been since old Walter Haxton, the maltster, was carried off by the exciseman. Outside, the womenfolk waited patiently to catch a glimpse of that wonderful dress the bride wore, of which the whole village had talked for days. As for the men, the unbidden men, they hung about and sighed as they thought of the tea and the toddy that were to follow. For no one could have guessed from the entertainment that Lyndsay's heart was not reconciled to the match. His reputation as a landlord was at stake.

By and by the envious wives and thirsty husbands retired to their own firesides to detract from the greatness of the ceremony as well as they could, while their children counted the coppers snatched from the liberal "pour oot." The strains of the fiddles and the shouts of the reel-dancers echoed up the caus'ay as Maggie, clad in her Paisley shawl, her father's gift, stole with her husband from the old house, away to the new one that stood ready to receive them. One pair of eyes witnessed their flight; and when they had passed him in his hiding in the shadow of the yard the owner of the eyes went stumbling up the caus'ay, murmuring in their wake,—

"Eet's a strange world, this,—strange and eencomprehensible."

The words were an echo of Maggie's thoughts. On the afternoon before the marriage, she strolled into the den for one last chat with some girl friends ere she quitted the maidens' ranks forever. It had been clear, dry weather, and this day was sunny as a day in June—one

of those single summer days that linger after the autumn is here, like a late swallow when the flock is fled. The girls climbed knee-deep through the ruddy fern to where the brambles lay on the top of the den, as might be seen by the patches of blossom that still remained, here and there, white against the black beeches. They were returning, laden with the blossom, along the path in which George had hid on that eventful night. Presently Neil Erskine appeared in it.

"There's your lad," said one of the girls laughingly, as the old man made for them; but Maggie's face, red already with the climb, turned a shade deeper.

"Let's go back!" she cried.

The others looked at each other, and hesitated. They would have been only too glad to meet their sweethearts there. But Maggie did not wait for them, but ran down the steep path. A stranger would have noticed her handsome bearing as she waited by the burn for her friends. Her deep bosom rose and fell, and with it the white blossom that lay upon it.

And in her little room that night, as she watched, beyond the brae, beyond the harvest-fields, the moonlight play on the waters of the Firth, her mind went back over all that had happened in the past year. "The men have the best of it," she thought, as she turned her face to the wall; and when she awoke, the sun had risen on her marriage-day.

Does the reader say to me, "It may well be that you have seen many of these things; but you cannot divine the thoughts of Maggie Pettigrew"? Be patient. I have told you that some of the later stages of the comedy came under my notice. Well, when Neil Erskine died, I married his widow.

DAVID S. MELDRUM.

From Temple Bar.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

"NOT strong as a lion, but delightful as a domestic animal," wrote Moore of

Washington Irving, after the latter had paid a pleasant visit to the poet's cottage at Sloperton.

This characterization may be fairly extended to Washington Irving's works. Not strong as a literary lion is Irving now: Geoffrey Crayon's "Sketch-Book" is seldom opened; the "Tales of a Traveller" have lost their charm for readers to whom it is but a summer's holiday to visit in person the scenes described. The somewhat ponderous historical works for which Murray gave such noble sums are now only referred to; but the four volumes of letters and diaries showing Irving as "a domestic animal" will, despite the heavy handling and diffuseness of the editor, his nephew Pierre, always furnish delightful gleanings.

Washington Irving was born in New York on April 3rd, 1783. His father was the son of Magnus Irving of Orkney, a descendant of the armor-bearer of Robert Bruce. While serving on board an armed packet-ship plying between Falmouth and New York, William Irving married a beautiful English girl named Sarah Sanders, and emigrated to America. The war with England seriously injured his prospects as a merchant, though they afterwards improved sufficiently to enable him to bestow on a large family what was then considered a liberal education.

By his mother's desire her eighth son, born shortly before the conclusion of peace with England, was named after the great republican general. When the latter returned to New York as president of the United States, a young Scottish nursemaid followed him into a shop with her charge, a delicate child of six, crying, "Please, your honor, here's a bairn was called after you!" and Washington laid his hand on the boy's head and gave him his blessing.

Another of Irving's earliest historical recollections was the arrival of the news of Louis XVI.'s execution. A barber who came to dress his father's peruke brought the tidings.

How well I recollect the little man [said Irving] as he stood before my father, wig in hand, all alive with excitement.

"Wasn't it a shame," said he, dancing up and down — "wasn't it a shame, Mr. Irving, to put him to death? Why not let him come to this country? Only think! — he might have come over here and set up a small grocery."

In the summer of 1803 Irving joined a party of friends in an expedition to Montreal and Quebec, then a long and arduous journey, in the course of which he amassed material for those faithful and glowing pen-and-ink landscapes which rivalled Cooper's novels in familiarizing Europeans with American scenery. At Caughnawaga the travellers were received in state by a party of Indians, who paid Irving the compliment of "naming" him. The ceremony was embarrassing to its shy young hero, with a group of laughing girls looking on. One of the chiefs took him by the hand, led him into the centre of the circle of spectators, and began "a sort of Indian waltz," turning him slowly round to a slow chant, with a chorus of "Ugh! ugh!" from the other natives. The name chosen was *Vomonte* — "Good to Everybody" — which Irving's friends declared very appropriate.

He was supposed to be consumptive, and in the following year his health occasioned so much anxiety that his four brothers combined to send him on a long European tour, telling him in a farewell letter that they should "share the world with him," and that it was their greatest happiness to be able to afford him so much enjoyment. Italy, France, and England were visited on this occasion, and Irving had a romantic encounter with real pirates near Elba, and a glimpse of the English fleet led by Nelson on the Victory, in the Straits of Messina.

It is amusing to find that the young American, with a last lingering of the Puritan prejudices of his childhood (which he had early outraged by secretly being confirmed in the Episcopal Church, going to the theatre and learning to dance), thought the frantic applause of the opera-goers at Milan "a ridiculous affectation." Music soon avenged herself, however, and obtained

a hold on his affections which was never relaxed. In his seventieth year he wrote of Alboni: "I think it is her rich, mellow, genial temper which pours forth in her voice like liquid amber;" and advised an old friend who complained of failing health and spirits to "take a jaunt to New York, and hear Grisi and Mario through their principal characters. It would be a dip in the fountain of youth to him."

Irving was called to the bar in 1806, and had "an informal retainer" for the defence when Aaron Burr was tried for treason. But literature attracted him more than law. *Salmagundi*, a humorous miscellany which he originated and regularly contributed to, made him already something of a celebrity; and he was meditating that "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," in which Scott saw a trace of Swift's genius and used to read aloud to his wife and guests until, he said, "our sides were absolutely sore with laughing."

Before the appearance of this foundation-stone of Irving's fame, he lost, in three consecutive years, three persons who would most have rejoiced in his success — his father; "the tenderest and best of sisters, a woman of whom a brother might be proud;" and Matilda Hoffman, whom he had hoped to make his wife. The depth and fidelity of Irving's love for this beautiful and gentle girl was unsuspected by even the most intimate friends of his later years, until after his death they discovered, with her miniature and a lock of fair hair, part of a manuscript written for a lady who asked why he had never married. Describing Miss Hoffman, he says: —

The more I saw of her the more I had reason to admire her. Her mind seemed to unfold itself leaf by leaf, and every time to discover new sweetness. Nobody knew her so well as I, for she was generally timid and silent. . . . Never did I meet with more intuitive rectitude of mind, more native delicacy, more exquisite propriety in word, thought, and action than in this young creature. Her brilliant little sister used to say that people began by admiring

her, but ended by loving Matilda. For my part I idolized her.

He then gives a long account of his literary and legal studies, and his endeavors to attain such a position as would enable them to marry; and adds: —

In the midst of this struggle and anxiety she fell into a consumption. I cannot tell you what I suffered . . . I saw her fade rapidly away, beautiful, and more beautiful, and more angelic to the very last. I was often by her bedside, and when her mind wandered she would talk to me with a sweet, natural and affecting eloquence that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I ever had before . . . I was by her when she died, and was the last she ever looked upon . . . she was but seventeen.

He took her Bible and prayer-book away with him, sleeping with them under his pillow, and in all his subsequent travels they were his inseparable companions. Not until thirty years after her death did any one venture to speak of her to him. He was visiting her father, and one of her nieces, taking some music from a drawer, brought with it a piece of embroidery. "Washington," said Mr. Hoffman, "this was poor Matilda's work." "The effect was electric." He had been talking gaily the moment before, but became quite silent and soon left the house. It was to Matilda that he alluded when he wrote in "Bracebridge Hall:" "I have loved as I never again shall love in this world — I have been loved as I never again shall be loved;" and in a note-book: "She died in the beauty of her youth, and in my memory she will ever be young and beautiful."

The storm of mingled praise, indignation, amusement, and wrath, with which the "History of New York" was received, though it convinced Irving that he had discovered his true vocation, did not induce him to rely on literature alone as a profession. Two of his brothers, seeing his desire to combine with it some less precarious calling, made him a sort of sleeping partner in an export business carried on by them in London and New York, generously



stating that they should make no claim on his time, but intended "to provide for his subsistence, and leave him at liberty to cultivate his talents." He soon took advantage of this arrangement to renew his travels through his native country, collecting material for many future essays, and making friends wherever he carried his handsome face and pleasant manners — even amongst those very descendants of old Dutch families who had vowed direst vengeance against the daring young satirist of their venerated ancestors.

One lady with whom he became an especial favorite was the "Blue-eyed Lassie" of whom Burns wrote, in some verses only to be found in a privately printed memoir of her : —

Gang she east or gang she west,  
'Twixt Nith and Tweed all over,  
While men have eyes or ears or taste,  
She'll always find a lover.

Mrs. Renwick had travelled much further than her poet's imagination carried her, when she planted a slip of ivy from Melrose in Irving's garden ; but she was as celebrated for mental and personal fascination in New York as she had been in Annandale.

Literary work of many kinds (reviewing alone came amiss to Irving, for, says his nephew, "he wished to be just and could not bear to be severe") was suspended during a brief interlude of soldiering when, in 1814, the British troops entered Washington. He shared the volunteering enthusiasm which caused "clergymen with their parishioners, and teachers with their young pupils, to turn out for a day's duty," — and was made colonel and aide-de-camp to Governor Tompkins. This greatly astonished some of his friends ; when he paid an official visit to Chauncey, then in command of the American fleet, the latter exclaimed, "*You here ? I should as soon have thought of seeing my wife !*"

The first sight which met Irving's eyes when, in the following year, he landed for the second time on English shores, was the mail-coach which dashed into Liverpool, decked with laurel and

bearing the news of the victory of Waterloo. Irving's sympathies were with Napoleon. "In spite of all his misdeeds he is a noble fellow, and I am confident will eclipse in the eyes of posterity all the crowned wisacres that have crushed him by their overwhelming confederacy."

Irving's introduction to Beattie's "Life of Campbell" gives some recollections belonging to this period. He visited the poet's wife,<sup>1</sup> "a most engaging woman," and expressed regret that Campbell attempted nothing "on a grand scale." "It is unfortunate for him," she replied, "that he lives in the age of Scott and Byron." Irving asked why ? "Oh, they write so much and so rapidly. Now Campbell writes slowly, and it takes him some time to get under way, and just as he has fairly begun out comes one of their poems that sets the world agog and quite daunts him, so that he throws by the pen in despair."

I repeated the conversation to Scott some time after [adds Irving]. "Pooh !" said he good-humoredly. "How can Campbell mistake the matter so much ? Poetry goes by quality, not by bulk. My poems are mere cairngorms, and may pass well in the market so long as they are the fashion. But they are Scotch pebbles after all. Now Campbell's are real diamonds, and diamonds of the first water."

Irving was a discriminating admirer of Kean, who he said had "completely bothered the multitude," and was praised without being understood. "I have seen him guilty of the grossest and coarsest pieces of false acting, and most 'tyrannically clapped' withal ; while some of his most exquisite touches passed unnoticed." At Miss O'Neil's feet he fell down and worshipped ; but with the imaginative fastidiousness characteristic of him, he refused to be introduced to her, lest the woman should in any way fall short of the charm of the actress.

Irving's beloved brother Peter, and his sister Mrs. Van Wart and her family, who had settled in Liverpool, were strong ties to England ; and as the death of his mother broke the most powerful

<sup>1</sup> Matilda Sinclair, Campbell's cousin.

one with America, it was many years before he returned to his native country. He also began to have as many friends in the old country as the new. He dined with John Murray, whom he calls "very merry and loquacious," meeting, amongst others, "D'Israeli, a pleasant, cheerful old fellow, evidently tickled at the circulation his works have had in America, though, like most authors just now, he groans at not being able to participate in the profits."

Edinburgh was visited in 1817, and the most exacting Scot must be satisfied with Irving's tribute to its beauty: "It seemed as if the rock and Castle assumed a new aspect every time I looked at them; and Arthur's Seat was perfect witchcraft. I rambled about the bridges and on Calton Height yesterday in perfect intoxication of the mind." Jeffrey welcomed Irving cordially to his "castle," where he met the wife of Sir Humphry Davy—

Formerly Miss Apreece, and a *belle esprit* . . . she was in excellent spirits and talked like an angel. When we collected in the drawing-room she held forth for an hour. The company drew round and listened in mute pleasure. Even Jeffrey kept his colloquial powers in check to give her full chance. She reminded me of the Minster Bird, with all the birds of the forest perched on the surrounding branches in listening attitudes.

A visit to Abbotsford followed, and Irving found Scott "golden-hearted, full of the joyousness of youth, with an imagination continually furnishing pictures, and a charming simplicity of manner. Everything that comes within his influence seems to catch a beam of the sunshine that plays round his heart." The good impression was reciprocal, for Scott wrote of Irving as "one of the best and pleasantest acquaintances I have made this many a day."

For years Irving had been chafing under the increasing anxieties and annoyances of the Liverpool business—anxieties for which he was constitutionally unfitted, and with which his brothers had never intended that he should make any personal acquaintance. These troubles culminated in bankruptcy in

1818—a torturing ordeal to his proud and sensitive nature, but which he accepted as the only means of escape from a "murky cloud, before it completely withers and blights me. It is a dismal thing to look round on the wrecks of such a family connection. This is what, in spite of every exertion, will sometimes steep my soul in bitterness." As a forced distraction for his mind he began to study German night and day; and conned over the verbs while nervously walking up and down the room in which he waited for examination before the commissioners.

At this time Irving was under a contract with a Philadelphia bookseller named Thomas, to supply him with new publications, receiving in return a thousand dollars a year. But Irving voluntarily cancelled the agreement, finding it less advantageous to Thomas than had been expected.

The brothers having received their discharge, Irving went to London and "cast himself on the world," determined to seek support from his pen. His first days there were embittered by having to part from his friend Washington Allston, "a man," he said, "I would have liked to have always at my side to go through life with—his nature was so refined, so intellectual, so genial, so pure." Allston's return to America was an equal surprise and pain to Irving; but happily another artist, whom England and America seem to have almost an equal right to claim as a native, took his place. This was Leslie, whom Irving had known as a boy in Philadelphia, and who wrote to him in later years:—

You came to London just when I was losing Allston, and stood in need of an intimate friend with similar tastes to my own. I not only owe to you some of the happiest hours of my life, but a new range of observation in my art, and a perception of qualities which painters do not always imbibe from each other.

Early in the following year Irving declined a political appointment in Washington, and sent home the first number of the "Sketch-Book," characterizing it as

a literary experiment, in the course of which I only care to be kept in bread and cheese . . . should my writings not acquire critical applause I am content to throw up my pen and take to any commonplace employment. But if they should succeed, it would repay me for a world of care and privation to be placed among the established authors of my country and win the affections of my countrymen.

It is scarcely necessary now to say that the success of the "Sketch Book" in America was immediate and brilliant. And not less so when, through the good offices of Scott, Murray, "the Prince of Booksellers," as Irving called him in a grateful preface, introduced it to the English public.<sup>1</sup> It was an "open sesame" to literary and fashionable circles, and Irving's letters home are filled with sketches of celebrities, which, judging from the frequent use of the tantalizing asterisk, have been robbed of much of their point by a too prudent editor. It is pleasant to see that, speaking of his new acquaintances as a whole, he finds "one thing invariably—the greater the merit, the less the pretension. There is no being so modest, natural, unaffected, and unassuming as a first-rate genius."

During a short visit to Paris, when Moore was there awaiting the settlement of his Bermuda troubles, Irving became intimate with "the charming joyous Irish Anacreon," and attended a dance in his apartments to celebrate the tenth anniversary of his wedding. "Very gay," writes Moore, in his diary; "not less so for the floor giving way in sundry places. . . . Irving's humor broke out as the floor broke in, and he was much more himself than I have ever seen him."

Luttrell often formed a third in their Parisian rambles. On one occasion, Moore spoke of the uncertain fate of a female aeronaut, who had mounted out of sight in her airy car, and been heard of no more. "Handed out by Enoch and Elijah?" suggested Luttrell.

In 1822 "Bracebridge Hall" appeared in America. Colburn, introduced by Campbell, offered a thousand guineas

for the English edition; but Irving refused to leave Murray, and it was published on the same terms by him. After this success Irving indulged in a prolonged Continental tour, during which he had the pleasure of meeting with his "Sketch-Book" in both French and German versions.

The most interesting person he saw at Vienna was, he said, the Duc de Reichstadt:—

Son of poor Boney . . . A very fine lad, full of life and spirit, of most engaging manners and universally popular. He has something of Bonaparte in the shape of his head and the lower part of his countenance. His eyes are like his mother's. At the theatre he enjoyed the play with boyish delight, laughing out loud, and continually turning to speak to his more phlegmatic uncles, the other young princes.

In Dresden, Irving at once became a favorite, both at court and in general society. His note-book glitters with the names of kings and queens, and he tells his sister that the mixture of "buckram ceremonies" and homeliness at court amuses him extremely:—

There is one dance called "The Grandfather," something in the style of "Sir Roger de Coverley," of which the royal family are extremely fond. In this I have seen courtiers of all ages capering up and down to the infinite amusement of the populace, who are admitted as spectators, and I have been obliged to romp about with one of the princesses as if she were a boarding-school girl.

Irving won the heart of Prince Antoine—"a brisk, lively, little old gentleman, very religious, but withal as great a hunter as Nimrod and as fond of dancing as King David"—by his skill in "French quadrilles." And the old queen ordered a special *chasse* in his honor. His greatest friend in Dresden was Mrs. Foster, a daughter of Lord Carhampton, and in after years one of her children drew the following graceful picture of Irving:—

He was thoroughly a gentleman, not merely in manners and look, but to the innermost fibres of his heart. Sweet-tempered, gentle, fastidious, sensitive, gifted

<sup>1</sup> Byron said he "knew it by heart."

with the warmest affections—the most delightful and interesting companion, gay and full of humor in spite of occasional fits of melancholy; with a gift of conversation that flowed like a bright river in sunshine, bright, easy, and abundant.

There is no doubt that the “fits of melancholy” were caused by his abiding sorrow for the death of Miss Hoffman. When he heard of his friend Brevoort’s approaching marriage, his letter of congratulation almost bitterly contrasted their lots, and only a year or two before his death he said to his favorite niece, with a sort of pathetic playfulness, “You know I was never intended for a bachelor.”

Irving spent one birthday in Dresden, and the Fosters surprised him by producing a series of beautiful tableaux from his works at a party they gave in his honor. “For eight months their house has been a home to me,” he wrote; “and they are more like relatives than friends.”

On his return to Paris, with the intention of resuming steady literary work, he had a nervous seizure to which he was occasionally subject:—

A kind of horror, particularly when I wake in the morning—a dread of future evil—of failure in literary attempts, which I cannot drive off by any effort of reason. [But he adds]: If I can only keep the public in good-humor until I have thrown off two or three more little things, I shall be able to secure bread and cheese, and perhaps a seat in the pit into the bargain.

These luxuries were to be provided for his brother Peter as well. He had a present share in the profits of Irving’s books, and was always associated with his future plans. While in Paris, Irving assisted Howard Payne with his plays, and completed the “*Tales of a Traveler*,” which he took to Murray in 1824, receiving fifteen hundred guineas for the work. London literary circles made much of him. William Spencer invited him to share his rooms in Mount Street, and he was much with Rogers, who, he says:—

At a *tête-à-tête* dinner served up his friends as he served up his fish, with a

squeeze of lemon over each. It was very piquant, but it set my teeth on edge.<sup>1</sup>

In 1826 Irving went to Spain, busy with a projected translation of Navarrete’s “*Voyages of Columbus*,” an idea abandoned in favor of a “*Life*” of the great discoverer, and a work on the “*Conquest of Granada*.” While in Madrid, one of his most welcome visitors was Longfellow, then an extremely handsome youth of twenty, fresh from college, with an enthusiasm for art and literature, a joyous temperament, and a charming manner. Writing to his father, Longfellow says:—

Mr. Rich’s family circle is very agreeable, and Washington Irving always makes one there in the evening. This is altogether delightful, for he is one of those men who put you at ease with them in a moment. He makes no ceremony whatever with one, and of course is a very fine man in society, all mirth and good-humor. He has a most beautiful countenance, and a very intellectual one, but he has some halting and hesitating in his conversation, and says very pleasant, agreeable things in a husky, weak, peculiar voice. He has a dark complexion, dark hair, whiskers already a little grey. This is a very offhand portrait of so illustrious a man.<sup>2</sup>

Many years later Longfellow drew from memory a minuter sketch:—

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Irving in Spain, and found the author, whom I had loved, repeated in the man. The same playful humor, the same touches of sentiment, the same poetic atmosphere; and what I admired still more, the entire absence of all literary jealousy, of all that mean avarice of fame which counts what is given to another as so much taken from one’s self. . . . Passing his house at the early hour of six one summer morning, I saw his study window already wide open. On my mentioning it to him afterwards he

<sup>1</sup> They met again in Paris in 1843, when Rogers amused Irving with an account of “little Queen Victoria’s nautical vagaries. Lord Aberdeen has to attend her, much against his will. You know he is one of the gravest and most laconic men in the world. The queen one day undertook to reconcile him to his fate. ‘I believe, my lord,’ said she graciously, ‘you are not often seasick?’ ‘Always, madam,’ was the grave reply. ‘But,’ still more graciously, ‘not very seasick?’ ‘Very, madam,’ with profounder gravity.”

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Longfellow*, 1886, vol. I., p. 108.

said, "Yes, I am always at my work as early as six." Since then I have often remembered that sunny morning and that open window, so suggestive of his sunny temperament and his open heart, and equally so of his patient and persistent toil.<sup>1</sup>

The "Columbus" Murray hailed as "beautiful — beautiful!" giving his opinion the very welcome endorsement of an agreement for three thousand guineas. The pressure of work being relaxed for a time, Irving was persuaded to enter more freely into Madrid society, but describes himself in some interesting letters to Prince Dolgorouki as: —

A silent and somewhat lonely person in these crowds; instead of making new acquaintances, apt to lose those I have already made, as the shyness which arises from diffidence is always prone to be misunderstood. I miss you sadly here, where you were wont to cheer my solitude, sometimes with a *bon-mot* and sometimes with a *bon-bon*.

"Honest Wilkie" made a third in his friendship: —

I would not give an hour's conversation with Wilkie about paintings, in his earnest but precise and logical manner, for all the enthusiastic and rapturous declamations of the common run of amateurs and artists. They fill one's mind merely with flowers, but honest Wilkie sows in the true seeds of knowledge.

Throughout the two years then spent by Irving in Spain, his letters furnish exquisitely finished pictures of the scenery and its associations. His cottage near Seville (in which, as was often the case during his travels, he nursed an invalid friend while carrying on severe literary work) had a little garden of orange and citron trees, and a porch overhung with vines and jessamine, where he would sit far into the balmy summer nights, watching the purity and splendor of the starlight, and listening to the deep chimes of the rich cathedral bells, sounding magnificent across the wide Tablada. Irving was a voluminous correspondent, yet he ad-

mitted that he found letter-writing a tax; adding, with a touch not unworthy of Lamb: "I sometimes think one of the great blessings we shall enjoy in heaven will be to receive letters by every post, and never be obliged to reply to them."

In the dawn of his fame Irving was sometimes accused of being a bad American, partly because of the strong hold the history and the associations of the old world exercised on his imagination. But before leaving Spain he refused a proposal from Murray to edit a literary magazine for a thousand a year, on the ground that he would not bind himself to any occupation, however lucrative, which would compel him to live out of America; and also an offer of a hundred guineas an article for contributions to the *Quarterly*, "because the review has been so hostile to our country that I cannot think of writing a line for it."

Remembering that the prospect of "bread and cheese," not only for himself, but for his brother Peter, "the other half of myself," as he called him, was still problematical — for some of Irving's investments had been very unfortunate — and that he had an intense appreciation of refinement and elegance in daily life, this seems sufficiently patriotic conduct.

In the spring of 1829 Irving left Seville with Prince Dolgorouki for a ride to Granada, where they were allowed to occupy the governor's quarters in the Alhambra.

I breakfast in the Saloon of the Ambassadors [he writes] or among the flowers and fountains in the Court of the Lions, and when not occupied with my pen, lounge with my book about these oriental apartments . . . I seem spellbound in some fairy palace . . . One window of my bedroom looks into the little garden of Lindaraxa, a kind of patio, full of flowers, with a fountain in the centre; another looks down on the deep valley of the Darro, which murmurs far below, and in front of the window, on the breast of a mountain covered with groves and gardens, extends the old Moorish palace of the Generalife. I have nothing but the sound of water, the humming of bees, and the singing of nightingales, to interrupt the profound silence of my abode;

<sup>1</sup> Life of Longfellow, vol. I., p. 118.



and stroll about midnight into the galleries overlooking the garden and the landscape, which are now delicious from the brightness of the moon.

From "the serenity and sweetness of this seductive Castle of Indolence," Irving was startled by tidings of change in the American ministry, and his own appointment as secretary of legation to London, where he arrived in October, receiving a hearty welcome from all his old friends, and many new ones gained by his writings. The Royal Society of Literature gave him one of their annual gold medals<sup>1</sup> (Hallam had the other) and Oxford made him LL.D. The students, of course, did not lose so admirable an opportunity for shouting, and he was greeted with affectionate yells of "Diedrich Knickerbocker," "Ichabod Crane," "Rip van Winkle," "Columbus," etc.

Irving was much amused at the "rollicking" good humor with which William IV. began his reign; and he once tried to give a lesson in dignity to the Duke of Sussex. He had to accompany an eccentric friend of meagre and limping figure, who persisted in wearing an extraordinary nondescript garb instead of the prescribed court dress, to St. James's. The ushers demurred, the foreign ministers smiled. The Duke of Sussex stopped Irving as he passed, and whispered, moving his thumb jerkily up and down, "Who's your friend Hokey-Pokey?" "That sir," replied Irving emphatically, "is John Randolph, United States minister at Russia, and one of the most distinguished orators of America." It was all in vain! Some time afterwards Irving was dining with the duke, whose first laughing inquiry was, "And how is our friend Hokey-Pokey?"

On the arrival of Van Buren as American minister in London, Irving, who had been acting as *chargé*, and finding Palmerston, as the king said he would, "a very pleasant man to work with,"

<sup>1</sup> After Irving's return to America this relic was stolen from a safe in his brother's office; but the thief, who evidently had literary sympathies, restored it by opening the house door and throwing it into the hall!

retired from the legation and took a country holiday among his friends. Before leaving town he had a last evening with Scott, which gave him a sad impression of failing power, both mental and bodily. The meeting was distressing to Irving, who ranked Scott next to Shakespeare, and had a warm personal affection for him.

Colonel Aspinwall, Irving's financial negotiator, having disposed of the "Tales of the Alhambra" to Colburn and Bentley for one thousand guineas, the author started on his long-desired return to America. For once, the event so eagerly hoped for surpassed anticipation:—

I am absolutely overwhelmed with the welcomes of my friends . . . and continually in the midst of old associates who, thank God, have borne the wear and tear of seventeen years surprisingly . . . I have been in a tumult of enjoyment ever since my arrival, as happy as mortal being can be.

The pleasures he enjoyed "with the renovated feelings of a schoolboy," were private friendship and extended travel in his native country. He wished to penetrate beyond civilization, and to see what remained of America's original inhabitants in their own wild territory. He camped out, hunted buffalo, and saw Black Hawk and other redoubtable chiefs, thus accumulating materials for his "Tour on the Prairies."

After this Irving entered on the fascinating occupation of planning a home after his own heart. Having bought ten acres of land adjoining one of his nephew's farms, "capable of being made a little paradise," he sent for an architect, to enlarge a small stone cottage into "a nookery in the Dutch style, quaint but unpretending." His chief desire was to provide his brother Ebenezer, "the Bramin," with "a retreat for himself and his girls, where they can ruralize during the pleasant part of the year. The little man has a great love for the country." Of course, "like all meddlings with stone and mortar, the plan extended as I built, until it has ended in a complete though moderate family residence."

To Peter Irving, who was at last

contemplating a return to America, he wrote :—

I trust by the time of your arrival to have a delightful little nest for you on the banks of the Hudson, fitted to defy both hot weather and cold. There is a lovely prospect from the windows, and a sweet green bank in front shaded by locust-trees, up which the summer breeze creeps delightfully.

He found the process of nest-building a little more difficult than he expected, and wrote : "For such a small edifice it has a prodigious swallow, and reminds me of those little fairy changelings called Killcrops, which eat and eat and are never the fatter." But the Killcrop repaid Irving for "all his trouble and expense" when it became Sunnyside, the beloved centre of home life to three generations of his family. A letter to his niece Sarah, after telling her that "the goose war is happily terminated, and my feathered navy ploughs the Tappan sea in triumph," adds :—

I am happy to inform you that among the many blessings brought to the cottage by the good Mr. Lawrence is a pig of first-rate stock and lineage. It has been duly put in possession of the palace in rear of the barn, where it is shown to every visitor with as much pride as if it was the youngest child of a family. As it is of the fair sex, and, in the opinion of the best judges, a pig of peerless beauty, I have named it *Fanny* ; I know it is a name which with Kate and you has a romantic charm, and about the cottage everything must be romance.

This was in honor of Fanny Kemble, who had been turning the heads of all New York, Irving and his nieces included.<sup>1</sup>

Sunnyside received many remarkable visitors, prominent among whom was Louis Napoleon. Irving enjoyed his visit, though chiefly impressed by the extreme quiet of his manner, and little suspecting that he saw in him the successor of Louis Philippe, whose position at that time seemed fairly secure.

<sup>1</sup> One of the compliments of which Irving was most proud, he received from her illustrious aunt, Mrs. Siddons. In his first London season as a lion, he was led up to her and introduced. "She looked at him for a moment and then, in her clear and deep-toned voice, said slowly, 'You made me weep.'"

In the course of 1838 Irving lost two brothers, and the death of Peter especially overwhelmed him with affliction.

The rest of the family were married, and had families of their own to divide their sympathies, but we stood in the original, unimpaired relation, and grew more and more together. Now that he is gone I feel how all-important he was to me. . . . Since our dear mother's death I have had no one who could so patiently and tenderly bear with all my faults and foibles, throwing over every error the mantle of affection. . . . I have been so accustomed to talk over every plan with him and, as it were, to think aloud in his presence, that I cannot take up a paper, open a book, or recall a past vein of thought without having him instantly before me and feeling completely overcome.

In the same year occurred what has been described as "one of the most beautiful episodes in the history of literature"—Irving's unhesitating renunciation of his already partly written "Conquest of Mexico," when he heard that Prescott would undertake the work if it did not bring them into collision. Prescott accepted the sacrifice with compunction and acknowledged it handsomely, but he never knew how much it cost Irving. Many years later he wrote to his nephew and biographer :—

The subject had delighted my imagination ever since I was a boy. . . . When I gave it up to him I in a manner gave up my bread, for I depended upon it to recruit my waning finances, and had no other subject at hand. I was dismounted from my *cheval de bataille*, and have never been completely mounted since. . . . I am not sorry. Mr. Prescott has justified my opinion that he would produce a work more thoroughly worthy of the theme, and I wish him the full enjoyment of his laurels.

When beginning his "Life of Washington," and daily growing fonder of his "dear little cottage," Irving was astonished to hear that he had been appointed minister to Spain. His first feeling was dismay. "It is hard—very hard—yet I must try to bear it." Then, struck with some absurdity in this mode of receiving such an honor, he added with a humorous glance at his

nephew : " God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

He installed one of his brothers at Sunnyside, ordering him to " seek no other berth so long as he lived," but to beat him in farming and gardening ; and promising to continue his literary work at Madrid, so as to return with " money in both pockets," and be able to " burn the candle at both ends and put up as many weather-cocks as I please."

Just before Irving's departure from America he had the gratification of joining in the national welcome to Dickens, with whom he had exchanged cordial letters.<sup>1</sup> The second time Dickens visited those shores he thus recalled their last meeting : —

Your reference to my dear friend Washington Irving renews the vivid impressions re-awakened in my mind at Baltimore. I saw his fine face for the last time in that city. He came there from New York to pass a day or two with me, and they were made among the most memorable of my life by his delightful fancy and genial humor. Some unknown admirer of his books and mine sent to the hotel a most enormous mint-julep wreathed with flowers. We sat, one on either side of it, with great solemnity (it filled a respectably sized round table), but the solemnity was of short duration. It was quite an enchanted julep, and carried us among innumerable places and people that we both knew. The julep held out far into the night, and my memory never saw him afterwards otherwise than as bending over it, with his straw, with an attempted air of gravity (after some anecdote involving some wonderfully droll and delicate observation of character), and

<sup>1</sup> The latest of these, included in Irving's " Life," gives, as Dickens says, a half-sad, half-ludicrous picture of Rogers. " You know that for a year or so before his death he wandered. . . . He had Mrs. Procter and Mrs. Carlyle to breakfast one morning — only those two. Both excessively talkative, very quick and clever, and bent on entertaining him. When Mrs. Carlyle had flashed and shone before him for about three-quarters of an hour on one subject, he turned to Mrs. Procter, and pointing to the brilliant discusser with his poor old finger, said (indignantly), ' Who is *she*?' On this Mrs. Procter, cutting in, delivered — it is her own story — a neat oration on the life and writings of Carlyle, in her happiest and airiest manner. All of which he heard, staring in the dreariest silence. And then said (indignantly as before), ' And who are *you*?' "

then, as his eye caught mine, melting into that captivating laugh of his, which was the brightest and best I have ever heard.

Staying a little while in London in 1842, *en route* to Madrid, Irving was presented at a levée.

The young Queen [he wrote to his sister] is low in stature, but well formed and rounded. Her countenance is agreeable and intelligent ; her eyes are light blue, with light eyelashes ; her mouth generally a little parted, so that you see her teeth. She acquits herself in her receptions with great grace and dignity. Prince Albert stood beside her — a tall, elegantly formed young man, with a handsome prepossessing countenance. He is frank, manly, accomplished, and fond of his little wife, who is strongly attached to him. It is rare to see such a union of pure affection on a throne.

Afterwards, at one of the queen's fancy balls, Prince Albert (looking, as Edward III., " like a prince in a fairy-tale ") singled Irving out for pleasant conversation.

At Neuilly Irving was informally introduced to the household of the citizen king, and was struck by the ageing effect cares of State had wrought on him, and the pale anxiety in the queen and Madame Adelaide, who were always trembling for the lives of the king and princes.<sup>2</sup>

They were somewhat troublous times in Spain when Irving took up his official residence there, and he felt curious to see Espartero the regent, " one of the most remarkable men of the age." He was received in state in a splendid palace called Buenavista, which had belonged to the Prince of the Peace. Espartero he found a fine, manly, soldier-like fellow, with a resolute face and beaming black eyes, dressed in uniform, with many orders. After a cordial reception Irving and his suite proceeded to the royal palace, and were ushered through vast and lofty suites of deserted rooms, the shutters closed to exclude the heat and the doors still bearing traces of the fusillade of a year before, when an attempt was made by

<sup>2</sup> Forebodings justified only a few days later, though not in the way most dreaded, by the violent death of the promising and popular Duc d'Orleans.

the party of the queen-mother (Christina) to carry off the young queen. At last they paused in a large salon, with vaulted ceiling incrustated with florid porcelain, and hung with silken tapestry, but in the same dim twilight. At the end was an interminable vista of other rooms in which, at a distance, appeared a group of figures, clad in black. They glided forward with slow and noiseless steps—the young Isabella, her governess, widow of General Mina, and Arguelles, all in deep mourning for the Duc d'Orleans.

The little queen advanced within the salon, and then paused. Count Almodovar introduced me in my official capacity, and she received me with a grave and quiet welcome, uttered in a very low voice. She has a somewhat fair complexion, quite pale, with light grey eyes, and a grave but graceful demeanor. She is nearly twelve years old, and tall for her age. I could not but regard her with grave interest, knowing what important concerns depend on the life of this fragile being, and to what a stormy and precarious career she may be destined.

Thenceforward each of Irving's letters tempts to quotation, so picturesque and vivid are his descriptions of the ceremonial life of Spain, and the wealth of color and perfume in and around "old Madrid." The picture-galleries, his first hurried visit to which he compares to "a peep into a gold mine;" the magnificent military parades, in which the glittering regent on his silken grey charger looked like a champion knight of romance—especially when, as he rode slowly down the Prado, between the columns of troops, a solitary raven came sailing over his head and flitted heavily out of sight; the brilliant opera nights, where Spanish beauty was resplendent—all combined with his own popularity and importance to flatter a lively imagination. But his heart was at Sunnyside, gardening with his young nieces, or directing how his dear brother Peter's grave was to be planted with shrubs and wreathed with honeysuckle.

Eight months after the ominous appearance of the raven hovering over

the regent's head, Madrid was in a state of siege. Two insurgent armies were marching on it, the streets were lined with government troops, and martial law was proclaimed. From his own house Irving could hear the firing beyond the city gates, and at night see the flash of the guns. The chief result of the outbreak was the expulsion of Espartero, in whose good faith, however, Irving continued to believe. As a companion picture to the first reception of the American minister by Isabella, we may dwell for a moment on a court held by her in 1843, when the palace swarmed like a bee-hive with nobles in gay uniforms and jewelled dresses, the Hall of the Ambassadors was hung with crimson velvet and lit with crystal chandeliers, and the queen and Infanta Luisa<sup>1</sup> wore dresses of gold brocade, trains of deep-green velvet, and a profusion of diamonds. Irving thought Isabella much improved, and marvelled at her self-possession when generals, who had been in rebellion three weeks before, knelt to kiss her hand.

But though Irving admired the queen, he was more impressed by the lovely face and winning manners of the little infanta, inherited from her too charming mother, then in Parisian exile. "She promises," he writes, "to be absolutely fascinating." Near the princesses stood another youthful personage destined to incidental historical importance—the Duke of Cadiz, "in hussar's uniform, and a much better-looking stripling than I had been led to suppose him."<sup>2</sup>

On his sixty-second birthday Irving wrote:—

I recollect the time when I did not wish to live to such an age, thinking it must be attended with infirmity, apathy, peevishness, and all the ills which conspire to render age unlovely. Yet it finds me in fine health, in full enjoyment of all my faculties, and in such buxom activity that on my return home from the Prado I caught myself bounding up three stairs at a time, to the astonishment of the porter, and checked

<sup>1</sup> Now Duchesse de Montpensier.

<sup>2</sup> Don Francesco d'Assisi, the queen's cousin, whom she married, thanks to Louis Philippe, in 1846.

myself, reflecting that it was not the pace for a minister, and a man of my years . . . Though the mind's stock of recollections may sometimes be of a melancholy nature, yet it is a "sweet-souled melancholy" . . . Thank God, the same plastic feeling which used to deck the future with hues of fairyland, throws a soft coloring on the past, until the very roughest places, through which I struggled with many a heartache, lose all asperity in the distance.

But the longing for home and family grew stronger. As, night after night, Irving watched the groups of pretty children attended by parents and nurses, dancing by moonlight round the fountains in the avenues, to the music of their nursery songs, he wished intensely for some of his own nieces and grandnieces, to "take part in the fairy ring." He sent in his resignation that same spring, and in the following year took leave of Queen Isabella, who assured him that "his distinguished personal merits had gained in her heart the appreciation he merited by more than one title." The expression was ministerial, of course. But no doubt the queen of sixteen years, with her southern precocity, heightened by her already violently chequered life, had detected the more than official interest Irving felt in her.<sup>1</sup>

The autumn of 1846 found him again at "darling little Sunnyside," enlarging it to admit of the enlarged hospitalities of the thirteen peaceful years he was to spend there. His alterations subjected him to some good-humored banter. One of his lifelong friends, Gouverneur Kemble, asked him the meaning of the "Pagoda" he had noticed when passing up the river.

The Pagoda is one of the most useful additions that ever was made to a house, besides being so ornamental. It gives me laundries, store-rooms, pantries, coal-cellar, servants' rooms, etc. . . . The only part that is not adapted to some valuable purpose is the cupola, which has no bell in it, and is about as serviceable as the feather in one's cap.

<sup>1</sup> During the revolt of 1843 Irving had induced the *corps diplomatique* to offer to repair to the palace and protect the queen in any moment of danger.

Writing his lives of Washington, Goldsmith, and Mahomet (proof in themselves of his versatility, if any were needed); revising the new illustrated edition of his "Works"—seven thousand copies of the "Sketch Book" alone being sold in less than four months—consulted by all young American authors,<sup>2</sup> and on the most cordial terms with his contemporaries, the years glided by, attended with "all that should accompany old age, honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." The only serious enemy to his peace was "the infernal alarum of the railroad steam-trumpet," whose "diabolical blasts" roused him at midnight, the railroad along the eastern bank of the Hudson passing through his grounds.

He still mixed occasionally with the fashionable world of Saratoga and New York, where he said the ladies would not allow him to be an old fogey, and could not have treated him better *even had they been nieces*—a pretty way of recognizing the devotion he excited at home.<sup>3</sup> In one of these brief absences from Sunnyside, he encountered Thackeray in the ferry-boat; they travelled for some distance together—

The morning passed delightfully. He seems to enjoy his visit to the United States exceedingly, and enters into our social life with great relish. Said the Bostonians had published a smashing criticism on him, which however does not seem to have ruffled his temper.

Some of the public events of 1853 had a private interest for Irving:—

Louis Napoleon and Eugénie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France! One of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson, the other of whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada! It seems to cap the climax of the strange

<sup>2</sup> He was among the first to hail the rising star of Hawthorne's genius.

<sup>3</sup> "Ah, me, I am but mortal man, and but too easily tempted," he wrote to Mrs. Kennedy in 1853. "I begin to think you have been giving me love-powders among you, I have such a hankering for the South. But be firm, my heart! I have four blessed nieces hanging about my neck and several others holding me by the skirts. How can I tear myself from them? Domestic affection forbids it."



dramas of which Paris has been the theatre in my lifetime . . . The last I saw of Eugénie, she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid. She and her giddy circle had swept away my charming young friend — into their career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugénie is on a throne, and — a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most rigorous orders. Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happiest of the two. "The storm with her is o'er and she's at rest," but the other is launched from a returnless shore on a dangerous sea, infamous for its tremendous shipwrecks.<sup>1</sup>

The perfect simplicity of Irving's later letters, the frankness with which they reveal a feminine affectionateness of disposition and clinging to even the inanimate surroundings which help to constitute a home, are their greatest charm. On his return from a visit to Washington in 1853 he writes to Mrs. Kennedy :—

I was sad at heart at parting with you and Mary. Had not your establishment fallen to pieces around me I hardly know when I should have got away, I could have clung to the wreck so long as there was a three-legged stool and a spoon to make shift with. You see what danger there is in domesticating me . . . Yet never did old bachelor return to such a loving home. However, let me be humbly thankful, and repress all vain glory. After the kissing and crying and laughing and rejoicing were over I sallied forth to inspect my domains, welcomed by my prime minister, Robert, my master of the horse, Thomas, and my keeper of the poultry yard, William. Everything was in good order, and I really believe more had been done in my absence than if I had been at home. Gentleman Dick, my saddle horse, put his cheek against mine, laid his head on my shoulder, and tried to nibble my ear. Taffy and Tony, two pet dogs of a dandy race, received me with well-bred though rather cool civility, while my little terrier, Ginger, bounded about me almost crazy with delight. The hens were vying with each other which could bring out the earliest brood of chickens, the Chinese geese were sailing like

frigates in the pond. I forbear to say anything about my Durham heifer or my pigeons, having gone as far with these rural matters as may be agreeable. Everything was just as heart could wish.

In the following year Mr. Kennedy lost his mother, and Irving wrote :—

I condole with you sincerely, for, from my own experience, it is one of the losses which sink deepest in the heart. It is upward of thirty years since I lost mine ; yet I dream of her to this day, and wake up with tears on my cheeks. I think the advanced age at which she died endears her memory to me, and gives more tenderness and sadness to the recollection of her. Yet, after all, a calm and painless death, closing a long and well-spent life, is not in itself a thing to be lamented, and your mother's life was happy to the end—and you say one of her last employments was to play the piano to her grandchildren. . . . What a blessing it is to have this feeling for music, which attended your mother to the last. It is indeed a sweetener of life, and a fountain of youth for old age to refresh itself in.

Few things in biography are more pathetically suggestive than the records of Irving's last year of life. He had been constitutionally weak from infancy, with delicate lungs, and a tendency to inflammation of the ankles, which often disabled him for either work or society. Latterly, cough, asthma, and heart disease troubled him, accompanied by sleeplessness, and strange nervous terrors for which he was touchingly apologetic. But through all we see the sweet temper, the intellectual energy, and the gentle, half-melancholy jesting, with which he combated increasing pain and weakness. "I am rather fatigued, my dear, by my night's rest," he replied to a niece's anxious inquiries. He was still at work on his "Life of Washington," and his chief dread was lest his brain might have been overtaxed. "I do not fear death," he said, "but I would like to go down with all sails set." His increasing dread of the night induced him to seize any pretext for sitting up ; and he was never, writes his nephew, more delightful than during those long evenings. "All the interesting scenes of his

<sup>1</sup> Irving had been a guest of Mr. Kirkpatrick, grandfather of the empress, and of her father Count Teba (afterwards Marquis Montijo), "a gallant, intelligent gentleman, much cut up in the wars, having lost an eye and been maimed in a leg and hand."

life seemed to pass before him, a thousand anecdotes of persons and things of which we had never heard, related in the most graphic manner and filled with all his old fun and humor." A few months before his death, Irving received a voluminous epistle from a stranger, asking permission to call on him. "Oh! if he could only give me his long wind," groaned Irving, "he should be most welcome."

He was spared all he had most greatly dreaded—clouded faculties and prolonged helplessness. To the day of his death he received visitors—who thought him a younger and a stronger man than they had imagined—read, walked, and drove. On Sunday, November 27th, 1859, he attended church at Tarrytown, remarking afterwards that he must "get a dispensation to allow whist on Sunday evenings," to prevent the dreaded falling asleep which meant a restless night. On Monday he went up to bed, followed by his niece with some medicine—turned to arrange his pillows, gave a slight exclamation, and instantly expired.

He was laid by his mother's side, as he had requested, in the beautiful cemetery overlooking the Hudson and the valley of Sleepy Hollow; and a friend who made a pilgrimage to the spot on the day of the funeral, wrote:—

I could not but remember his last words to me, when his book was finished and his health was failing: "I am getting ready to go. I am shutting up my doors and windows." And I could not but feel that they were all open now, and bright with the light of eternal morning.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE AWKWARD SQUADS.

I.

NOT very long ago, about eight o'clock on a night in early April, certain men in the town of Bilboa, County Cavan, left their homes and set their faces towards the house of one James O'Gara. Though the night was lowering, and the moon yet young beneath the clouds, all kept as far as possible from the lanes

and roads which run through that wild and thinly populated country. Any one by chance seeing them steal through the whins and rushes, and along the ditches and hedges, would have scented poteen or poaching in the wind.

As each sighted his destination he pulled his hat over his eyes, buttoned his coat, pocketed his pipe, and, skirting the dwelling house, made for the door of the barn in the back yard. There he knocked thrice, spoke once, and quickly vanished.

At twenty minutes past eight twenty-five men had assembled in O'Gara's barn, filling it to the door. At one end of the rough, clay-floored building a plank laid on two trestles bore a couple of candles stuck in empty whiskey-bottles, and fronted the burly figure of Michael Dooley, Esq., P.L.G. On the opposite wall hung a tin sconce in which a tallow dip flared and guttered. Between the lights was the audience seated on stools, chairs, forms, and all things handy. To the right of the table sat a young man with an ink-pot in his hand and a note-book on his knee, in which, as each man passed the doorkeeper, he had entered the new-comer's name. He was a keen-faced, broad-browed young man of somewhat better appearance than that of the others.

Suddenly he looked at his watch, drew a heavy line underneath the list of names, and rose. "Boys," he said, "least said soonest mended. I propose Mr. Dooley to the chair. Who seconds that?"

"I do," said a voice from the back.

"All o' ye for that howld up yir hands," said Mr. Farrell. "One, two, three—eighteen. All against, put up yir hands. None. Mr. Dooley—"

"I propose yirself," said a voice.

"Whisht, whisht," said Mr. Farrell, "no foolin'! Mr. Dooley, this meetin' nem. con. has moved ye to the chair."

Mr. Dooley rose, inclined his body forward, and sat down again. The honor was but his due; he was the guest of the evening; the meeting well knew (so he thought) that he was the only man in the barn who could fill the chair with dignity and force. He pulled

his chair up to the table and shifted the candles nearer him.

"Some wan," he said from his seat, "stand outside an' watch." The door opened and Barney Cafferty went out. "Some wan," he said again, "bar the door an' admit no wan."

Micky Dolan shot the bolt and set his broad back against the door. "Fire away," Micky said; "all's secure."

"Mr. Farrell," the chairman said, "call the roll."

Mr. Farrell put his ink-pot and pen beside the candle-bottle and rose. "Answer to yir names, lads," he said. He read through his list. As each name was called its owner, answering "Here," put up his right hand and held it there till the next name was read. "Have I called yis all?" he asked when he had read the last name. There was no answer. "How many did ye admit, Micky Dolan?" he asked.

"Twenty-foive includin' meself an' Barney Cafferty outside," said Micky.

Mr. Farrell mounted his chair and counted the audience, pointing at each with the end of his pen. "One, two, three . . . twenty-four. Right."

He sat down, drew a line through the row of names, signed the page and passed the book to the chairman. Mr. Dooley squared himself at the table, took the pen in his clumsy fingers, and after a preliminary flourish in the air, wrote his name in a sprawling shop-hand. That feat over he cleared his throat and rose. He was a big, pompous man, full of the self-sufficiency and the ideas proper to a guardian of the poor, a promising politician, a local satellite, and a moneyed man. As he faced the rows of keen-watching faces he threw back his shoulders and calmly eyed his audience; then stooped slightly, pressed his open palms on the board before him, and began.

"Gentlemin," he said, and forthwith straightened himself and crossed his hands before him, "Gentlemin, this is not the first, nor is it the second, nor, I will dare to add, is it the last occasion I have addressed or will address you." His voice was florid; and all his art could not smother the broad, unctuous

brogue. "Gentlemin," he went on, throwing open his coat, "we have met here the night in a tremendous, an arduous cause." He rolled his lips round the sounding words. "I stand here before ye as yir chairman, yir unanimously elected chairman, proud av the honor av addressin' you; proud —m—av—gloryin' in the principles we share together; rejoicin' in the bond av union that binds us together; yet," his voice sought its gravest depths, "I confess, weighed down by the solemnity, the gravity, the portentousness of me thoughts." He paused for a brief space, then pressed his right hand to his side and spouted with his left. "For what are we met together; what voice calls us; what arm beckons us; what cause claims us? Gentlemin, the voice av *Duty* calls; the arm av *Freedom* beckons; and a' the cause av *Ireland* claims us!"

He stooped and mouthed his words at the faces before him. There was a sound of shifting feet and deep breathing throughout the barn. The expected applause did not come. A smoker in the middle of the room struck a match on his pipe-bowl and lit up the comically puzzled faces around him.

"Gentlemin," Mr. Dooley went on, "we are this day an enlightened nation. Oideas are in th' air, gentlemin; from the Giant's Causeway to the Cove av Cork th' air is full av oideas that fall on enlightened minds. We are a yunited nation; we are an awakened nation; we have spurned the fut av the oppressor an' risen like the young aigle o' the mornin'."

Some one groaned in his distress; the audience moved restlessly; a second match lit up faces that were almost grinning. Mr. Farrell writhed where he sat, and nervously fingered his pen.

"But, gentlemin," Mr. Dooley proceeded, "our upward flight is not unimpeded; our career is not unenvied; our progress is not unobstructed. Gentlemin, inimies — *inimies*, I repeat — are around us. There are those who wid shackle our arrms wi' the chains av slaves; wid cut our pinions; wid take their fut off our necks only to put a

rope roun' them; will, I say *will*, prevent as much as in them lies the achievement of our liberties an' our roights as a nation. Gentlemin, ye all know the history of our past. In the year seventeen hunderd an' —"

Here some one put his head on his hands and cried "Och, och!" and at once the meeting broke out into murmurings. The unsteady flare of the candles fell on forms and faces and hands in a state of ferment. Mr. Farrell jumped up with a snap. "Here, enough o' this —" he began. Mr. Dooley waved him back. "Easy, easy," he said. "Leave it to me. What's the matter, gentlemin? What's the offince? Am I addressin' friends?"

"Ye are, ye are!" some cried. "Talk sinse!" cried others. "We want talk, not bleather," said Micky Dolan standing with his back to the door. "Hear, hear!" went up the voices. "That's it!" "Talk straight!" — "Damn yir blarney!"

The chairman spread out his hands. "Gentlemin, gentlemin," he said, "let me beg av you —"

"Gintlemin be hanged," said Micky Dolan, "we're only plain stirabout like yirself. This is no board-room. Spake up, Mr. Farrell."

"Ay, ay," cried the voices. "Spake up, Mr. Farrell."

Farrell got upon his chair. "Lads," he said, "be conny, be aisy; don't be bleathers yirselfes. Whisht a bit an' I'll —"

Mr. Dooley raised his voice in interruption. "Arrah, whisht wid ye, ye oul' grampus," said Micky Dolan. "You an' yir divil's bleather! Sit down, sor!" "Down wid ye!" went up the chorus; and amid jeers and skirls Michael Dooley, Esq., sat down.

"Boys," Mr. Farrell went on, "aisy, aisy! Mr. Dooley means well but we're not well used to his style o' spache. We'd like well to hear his powerful langwidge some other night when we've more time. We're in a hurry the night, Mr. Dooley, an', if y'll excuse me, sorr, I'll put the case in a word or two."

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Farrell," Mr. Dooley said; "please don't think I'm at all perturbed."

"Well, lads," said Mr. Farrell, "there's no need to say much. Yis all know most as much as meself. I needn't go back on history to fin' me words. Puttin' things straight, here's the case. Wid the help o' God 'fore very long we'll have Ireland a nation an' a Parlemint on College Green." The audience straightened up and gave the speaker an encouraging skirl. "That's what *we* say," Mr. Farrell went on in his vigorous, fluent way, "an' *the others* say 'Wi' the help o' God we'll never knuckle under or obey any Parlemint o' yours on College Green.' 'Won't ye, begorra?' sez we. 'Wait an' see!' 'Be damned to us,' sez they, 'but we'll fight ye first; we'll rise the North agin ye; we'll cut yir throats; we'll line the ditches an' defy ye!' That's what *they* say."

The audience sent up a derisive howl.

"Well, lads, that's straight," Mr. Farrell continued. "We know the worst and we know the best. Will they fight? Mebbe so, an' mebbe not; most likely not. Divil cares! Here's the point: *if they fight we must be ready for them*. I hear they're drillin' an' gettin' rifles, an' cartridges, an' divil knows what; and the newspapers are backin' them up. What are we to do? *Get ready ourselves, me sons! Drill! Get guns! Prepare!* Isn't that it?"

"Good, me son!" went up the voices. "That's the kin' o' talk! Bravo, bravo!"

"An' that's what we're goin' to do, me sons, isn't it?" said Mr. Farrell.

"Ay, ay!"

"An' that's what we've come here the night for, me sons?"

"Ay, ay!"

"Then to blazes wid talk an' let's to bisness!" Mr. Farrell stepped from his seat. "Terry Fitch," he said, "step forrad." A short, powerfully built man, with a round-cropped head and square face, made his way from the back of the barn and stood straight and square as a tower before Mr. Farrell.

"Ye mind most o' yer militia drill, Terry, I'll warrant," said Mr. Farrell.

"Most av ut," said Terry.

"Cud ye tache what ye know?"

"I cud."

"D'ye think ye cud lick the lads into shape now?"

"If they're willin', an' have sinse."

"How many cud ye manage at wanst?"

Terry looked round. "As many, mebbe, as there's here."

"Twenty or thirty or that?"

"Ay."

"Will ye try?"

"I will."

"Lads," Mr. Farrell said to the meeting, "I propose Terry Fitch as our drill-sergeant. Does that suit ye?"

"Yis!" went up the voices.

"No objections? That's right. Terry, ye're appointed,—the right man in the right place. Mr. Dooley, sorr, I hope ye're pleased?"

"Oh yes, yes," said the deposed chairman, "yes, yes. Pray, don't mind me."

"We'll want a kind o' committee now, lads," said Farrell, "jist to keep their eye on things. Fire out the names now."

"Yirself for one," said a voice; chosen unanimously. "James O'Gara as another," said a voice; also chosen. "Micky Reilly as a third, an' a dacent man," said Micky Dolan; also chosen. "Micky Dolan himself," said Micky Reilly; chosen. "Shan Grogan, a thrue man," said a voice. "Ay, ay," was the chorus; chosen.

Mr. Farrell held up his hand. "Lads, ye've now got five," he said, "an' six'll do. I put to ye as the last wan, an' not the least, the name av our rispicted chair, Mr. Dooley." This was a politic proposal, and one that after a little hesitation and a few outspoken criticisms was given the sanction of the meeting.

"The committee'll come forrad," said Mr. Farrell; and at once the honored members took their places in front of the meeting. "First," said he, addressing his colleagues, "mebbe we'd better give our instructions to Terry Fitch."

"What's that?" said Terry.

"Give ye yir instructions," said Mr. Farrell.

"What d'ye mean?" asked Terry.

"Tell ye what ye're to do."

Terry laughed. "Faith an' ye'd better try, shure," he said. "Mebbe ye'll drill the squad as well?"

"Whisht, Terry," said Shan Grogan, "an' don't be fractious, man!"

"Fractious is it ye say, Shan Grogan?" said Terry, "an' who's fractious? Who here's able to instruct me, I'd like to know?"

"No one, Terry," said Mr. Farrell, "an' no one wants to. Arrah, what ails ye? What is it ye want?"

"To do me own work me own way."

"But the committee——"

"Committee be blowed!" said Terry, "what does the committee know av drill?"

"Sorra hate, Terry," said Mr. Farrell; "but it knows other things."

"Well, let it attind to th' other things an' lave me alone," said Terry.

Mr. Farrell scratched his head.

"Look here, Terry," he said, "don't spoil fun. Spake out! What is it ye want?"

"Put yir squad in a roomy, convanient, safe place an' let me at it," said Terry. "That's all. I'll do my juty, niver fear. But I want no instruction be committees."

"An' why the blazes didn't ye say that at wanst, ye gawm, ye?" said Micky Dolan. "Wastin' our precious time like this! It's chucked ye shud be!"

"What's that, avick?" said Terry.

"I said *chucked*, pitched out o' the place; is that straight?"

Terry took off his coat and began rolling up his shirt-sleeves. "All right," he began, "chuck me——"

"Lads, lads," Mr. Farrell cried, "keep quiet, an' don't be ijuts! Terry put on yir coat! Micky, howld yir gab! Both av ye sit down! Boys!" he cried to the meeting, "sit down; what Terry says is rasonable. Let's drop that. Where's the best place to meet?"

One proposed here, one there; all



were unsuitable. Then Mr. Dooley rose, and, with a fine condescension in his manner and a grieved tremor in his voice, said that to his poor mind the most suitable place for their purpose, the safest, and most roomy, was the old castle across Thrasna River on the top of Rhamus Hill.

"That's in Fermanagh," said one. "Th' inimies' country!" said another; "All the better," said a third. "It's beyant the river," said a fourth. "It's the place, the only place," said Terry Fitch; "it's safe and convanient, an' roomy." Terry's word settled the matter, and Mr. Dooley leaned back in his chair well pleased.

Next the conimmittee fixed the date of the first drill, the following Saturday night at half past eight to catch the moon. Then they settled upon a small subscription to cover current expenses; arranged the nights for drill; gave instructions that word should be passed round the country-side with a view to the formation of other squads; appointed Mr. Dooley their president and Mr. Farrell their secretary; and drew up a set of rules to govern their movements. These things satisfactorily arranged, Mr. Farrell asked the meeting what weapons were at the disposal of the committee.

"I've an ould blunderbuss in the corner yonder," said a voice from the back, "that'll kill dead if she carries straight; but she's oncertain."

"Troth an' I've a yoke av a fowlin' piece, too," said another, "that'll kill behind her if she doesn't in front. Faith an' I'd liefer be behind meself, bar kickin', for strength isn't her strong point."

"An' there's a horse-pistol an' a bay'net at home yonder in the loft," said a third, "if the childer hasn't swapped them."

"Hish!" said Mr. Farrell to the laughing meeting. "Hish! no foolishness. It's time enough to think o' weapons yit, mebbe. The thing is to larn to use them. Isn't that it, Terry?"

"About it," Terry said. He spoke out to the meeting: "I want yis all to understand that no arrms av any class

or description is to come to my drills. I've more regard for me personal safety, an' to carry arrms jist now is agin the law. But I'd like yis to bring some articles wid ye that'd tache ye to use yir han's in a sojer-like fashion,—spade-handles or scythe-snedes, or th'ings o' that sort. But the first man I see wid fire-arrms 'll right about face wid me toe on his breeches. Come punctual, an' obey orders, an' polish up them brains o' yours!"

Everything was now arranged; so with a vote of thanks to Mr. Dooley, and a vow of secrecy as each man passed out, the meeting dispersed.

## II.

THE old castle on Rhamus Hill, just across Thrasna River from Bilboa, was an admirable place for secret meetings of any kind. Poteen had been run there, and cocks fought, and heroic battles waged over the bright eyes of country-side beauties. The nearest house was an Irish mile away. Looking towards Bilboa, one saw that the castle commanded the county road on the right, Thrasna River in front, and a great swampy bog on the left. At the back was a fir plantation. The sides of the hill itself were steep and barren, with only whins and rushes on them, and great white thorn hedges that ran to the top and ended at the ditch and hedge enclosing the castle walls. Within the ruined, ivy-covered battlements was a big, level, grassy plot that went by the name of the castle-green. The massive walls were pierced here and there by sloping loop-holes. On the plantation side part of the wall was levelled, and a large hole gaped towards Bilboa. Facing the river and the road were two round, loop-holed turrets with narrow doorways facing inwards. Inside and out the ivy and briar and elder-tree flourished, while an occasional sapling sprang amid the wild flowers on the walls. A lonelier spot could hardly be found, nor one easier to be attained without fear of detection. Certainly it was in the "enemies'" country,—but what of that? Did not the fact inspire the Bilboa squad with a

pleasant sense of bravery and heroic recklessness?

Saturday night was fine and mild. The moon, dimly revealed in the cloudy sky, lent just sufficient light for the squad's purpose. By cots and boats, and over the bridge the men crossed Thrasna River, and stole, in ones and twos, by the hedge up the hill and through the hole in the castle walls. There they greeted each other, lit their pipes, and turned to the loop-holes to watch.

At fifteen minutes past eight the Twenty-five were on parade; and to the minute of half past Terry Fitch crept through the hole and paced to the centre of the green. He was clad in an old grey overcoat, a Glengarry cap, corduroy trousers, and a pair of military highlows. In his hand he carried a short switch, and a corner of a red pocket-handkerchief peeped from the left sleeve of his greatcoat. He put his switch under his arm, and drawing his heels together with a click said in a deep growl, "Squ-a-d, fall in."

At the word the Twenty-five pocketed their pipes, and, jostling each other in their clumsiness, gathered in a mob before Terry. His face darkened.

"Squ-a-d," he growled, "fall in two deep accordin' to size." The men looked right and left, shifted their legs, and remained as they were.

"Squad," said Terry, "as ye were. The squad in its perplexity stood fast.

"Oh, blow ye!" said Terry in disgust. "Go back where ye wur afore I come."

The men broke up and went back.

"Micky Brady," growled Terry.

"Yis," said Micky.

"Come here, ye fool!"

Micky slouched forward.

"Stan' there," said Terry, "an' don't move till I tell ye. Howld up yir head, man; keep yir knees straight, man; what's that yi've got in yir hand? A spade-handle, is it? Thin drop it."

"Ned Dolan," growled Terry.

"Here," said Ned.

"Shiver ye, come when I tell ye." Ned dropped his stick, came forward, and was placed by Micky Brady's side.

"What's that ye dropped?" asked Terry.

"Me weapon," said Ned.

"An' what for, ye wastral, ye?"

"Bekase ye med Micky Brady do it," said Ned.

Terry groaned. "Here," he said to the squad, "all o' ye come forrad an' pile yir arms — this way, this way," he shouted, "dang yir skins, this way! Put them down *here*! Now back wid ye."

Then, one by one, Terry called out his men and shoved them into their places. The result was two rows of very curious and very raw recruits. Terry eyed them doubtfully. Some were manly, stalwart youths; a few were old, stiffened men; the majority were middle-aged farmers, awkward, careworn, heavy-footed. One or two wore moleskin-sleeved waistcoats, others long frieze overcoats, others ragged jackets; Mr. Farrell and Mr. Dooley were clad in rough tweed; the majority wore corduroy trousers fastened at the knee with hay ropes, or caught at the bottom in old leggings; and the prevailing headdress was the familiar, battered felt hat.

Suddenly Terry went to the walls and looked down the hill towards the river. "Be jabers," he said to himself, "I'm forgettin' meself! What's up wid me at all? Well, better late nor niver." He turned to the squad and told off three men to mount guard outside the ditch that encircled the fort. One man faced the river, one the road, the third kept guard by the fir plantation. Their orders were, "Keep yir eyes open, an' if ye see anything don't make a noise over it." The guard mounted, Terry went back to the squad. Already some of the men were smoking and had broken their ranks. Terry swooped down on them.

"Ye divil's crew, ye," he cried, "put out them pipes! Is it smokin' on parade y'are, ye crippled whelps? Stan' to yir places; blast ye, howld up yir heads; straighten up, ye fools!" — and so on. The squad bore the fire bravely, and like heroes held their peace.

"Now, min," said Terry, when he had recovered his temper, "I want jist to spake a few words to ye afore I commence on ye. The first juty av a sojer is to obey his commandin' officer. His next juty is to sharpen the wits that God gev him; if he doesn't they'll be sharpened, I tell ye."

As Terry spoke he paraded up and down before the squad with his hands behind him and his eyes on the ranks. "After that," he continued, "the sojer must try to look like wan—turn his toes out, straighten his back, an' be clane an' dacent. What most av ye are goin' to turn out?"—Terry stopped and eyed the ranks—"the Lord only knows. I misdoubt yi're as onlikely a lot as iver I clapped eyes on. Howsomedever, I'm goin' to try me han' on ye, an' sich as I've gone through meself I'll put you through. James Reilly, for the love o' marcy try to look like a man. Look at me an' see how yi're stan'in'." Terry dropped a knee forward, loosened his back, hung his head, and let his arms fall before him. "Isn't that a charmin' view, James? Isn't that how yi'd like to look in yir Sunday shuit afore the girls, James? *Silence in the ranks!* Who dar' laugh? The first man I see wid the shadda av a grin on him I'll do pack-drill for an hour. I'm keepin' ye stan'in' like y'are jist to make yis feel yerselves. If yir backs ache all the better." He ran his eye down the front rank. "Och, och!" he said, "the sight av it! In an out like a gander's teeth! *Front rank, right dress!* Eyes right, ye blunderin' ijuts, ye! *Will* yis look at me? Howld up them *heads!* Stan' back there, Pat's Micky! Come up will ye, Phil Brady! *E-y-e-s front!* Och, luk in front av ye, for the love o' marcy, an' don't be bigger gawms than y'are."

Again he took up his parade before the squad. "I'm not goin' to do much to yis the night," he said. "If yis larn to stand quiet an' not flop so much 'll do. When the bugle sounds for drill the first juty av the sojer is to run like blazes to parade. Wanst there he falls into his place in the ranks as natural as if he wus led be a string. At the word

*Ah-tintion* he starches himself an stan's like a post—like this. At the word *Stan'-at-ease* he lets himself go a bit an' stan's like this. At the word *Stan' easy* he throws himself loose entoirely. *Squ-a-d, ah-tintion!* Now then, han's straight be the side, heads up, heels together, chests out, bellies in. Phil Brady, I've seen ijuts in me day, but the likes o' you I've yit to meet. You an' James Reilly shud be spanchelled together like a pair o' goats an' turned out to grass. Man alive, yir gran'mother was a better man nor you! Have ye any backbone at all in ye, avick, or are ye stuffed wid bran?" Terry playfully poked the unfortunate Phil in the ribs. Phil lifted his hand.

"Terry Fitch," he said, "none o' yir foolery! Quit proddin' me or I'll brek yir mouth! We've had too much o' yir clack the night."

Something like a murmur of approval ran up and down the ranks. Terry stepped back.

"Oho," he said. "Oho! Insubordination in the ranks! Impidence to the commandin' officer! Be jabbers, an' I'll tache ye a lesson. Stan' forrad, Private Brady!"

"Divil the length o' me big toe, then!" said Phil.

"Private Brady," said Terry, "I give ye fair warnin', stan' forrad, or take the consequences."

"Divil a step," said Phil. "Do yir worst."

Terry put down his cane, settled his cap firmly on his head, and walked up to Phil. The two clenched, and before Phil had time to breathe he was sprawling on his back in the middle of the green.

"That's better nor a dale o' talk," said Terry as he picked up his switch. "*Squ-a-d, ah—*"

But before the order was finished, and while Private Brady was yet resting on the grass, the river guard put his head over the wall and said, "Whisht, boys, whisht! but there's three men joukin' up the hill be the hedge."

"Squad," said Terry, "stan' fast." The Twenty-five checked themselves in their first impulse to run, and Terry

went to take observations. Hardly had he turned his back when the road-guard put his head over the wall and said that two men were joukin' up the hedge his side o' the hill. Instantly the squad broke, and scrambling up the ivy, cautiously peered across the wall. The alarm was only too true; five forms were rapidly approaching. The squad clambered down and panic-stricken ran here and there across the green. Terry's growl was heard, "Squad, retire on the plantation." The Twenty-five gathered together and fled — only to meet the rear-guard bringing word that a man even then was skirting the far edges of the plantation. Surrounded on all sides the squad saw ruin impending. Terry alone kept cool.

"Lads," he said, "pick up yir weapons an' hide in the ivy on the top o' the walls."

Half a minute afterwards Rhamus Castle, to all appearance, was deserted.

Then from their places in the ivy the Twenty-five saw five of the "enemy" steal through the broken wall and, even as they themselves had done, take their stations by the loop-holes and watch. Presently these were joined by others, till at last eighteen had assembled. And these in contented ignorance smoked and talked while the Twenty-five on the walls wondered, and lay tight, and trembled.

A tall, white-haired man, with a flowing beard, came up the hill carrying a carpet-bag, entered the ruins, said, "Fine night, men," and went straight to the river-turret. There he opened the bag and took out an old yeomanry shako, a red tunic, and a pair of white cotton gloves. Then he took off his coat, drew off his trousers, revealing a pair of loose white ducks, and put both garments into the bag. Lastly he donned the tunic and shako, fastened a purple sash across his right shoulder, pulled on his gloves, and thus attired stepped out on the moonlit green. This was Samuel Mires, late sergeant in the Lowth Castle Infantry, a disbanded regiment whose commander and owner had been Lord Lowth, and whose mod-

est motto worn on their shakos had been "*Croppies, Lie Down.*"

Pausing about the middle of the green Sergeant Mires cleared his throat, and drawing himself erect said, "Men, fall in." At once the Eighteen pocketed their pipes, the fumes of which for ten minutes or so had set the Bilboa men longing among the ivy, and drew up two deep before the sergeant. Their movements and quickness in finding their places showed that they had drilled before. Terry Fitch's opinion of the squad (if indeed his sense of the absurdity of its instructor allowed him to watch it at all), probably was that he wished his own as good. The Eighteen certainly moved as eighteen men; they were clumsy and slow; there were points for the satirist about each, — fatness, leanness, ugliness, shapelessness; the mark of the soldier was on none; yet all had passed from that stage of rawness which marks the untrained man. They were dressed somewhat better than were the Bilboa men, and their characteristics were such that had the two squads been mixed an outsider could have separated them at once. He would have put the clean-shaven Irish faces, with their keen features and restless eyes, on one side, on the other he would have put the beards and whiskers, the men with memories of England and Scotland in their looks.

Sergeant Mires drew a book from his tunic and called the roll, ticking off the names of those who answered "Here." He read out about fifty names; then he called the squad to attention.

"I'm sorry to see so few here the night," he said, in a clear, sharp voice. "I was expectin' more, seein' how fine it is. I hope the fallin' off won't continue, an' that all o' you'll tell yir neighbors to come reg'lar an' often. Dis any o' ye know why they haven't come?"

"Work's throng this time o' the year," said Robert Young; "men have to work late an' rise early."

"We're one like another," answered Sergeant Mires; "but we must deny ourselves a little to save our principles."

"Saturday's a bad night," said John Gibson; "ther's always odd jobs to be done for Sundays."

"Ay, an' it's market-day," said James Harper; "people must sell to buy bits for their bellies."

"An' drink!" said big Ned Noble, "marketin's powerful thirsty work." The Eighteen, with their sergeant, laughed, and the eyes of the Twenty-five glittered in the ivy at the thought of whiskey.

"Well," said Sergeant Mires, "whatever may be the cause, I hope next time the muster'll be better. It's discouragin' to you, an' it's discouragin' to me, to come here at some risk to ourselves an' some loss o' precious time, too, seein' the s'ason o' the year,—to come here, I say, an' not have a good muster. Ye know it's no good doin' things be halves. What's the good o' me walkin' steady in the ranks an' knowin' how to han'le me weapon if me neighbor beside me's actin' like an omadhaun—is there now?"

"Well, sorra bit," said the Eighteen. "Bedad, no." "Shure yi're spakin' gospel."

"An' if people stay away because they think nothin'll iver happen," went on the sergeant, "I'd like yis to spake yir minds to them an' tell them that the man is blessed who has his house in order. We're standin' on the edge av a volcano. May the Lord grant it niver bursts! But if it does we mustn't be caught asleep. I hear strange talk flyin' about. People say *th' others* are drillin' too." The Twenty-five cocking in the ivy bent all their ears.

"It's true," said James Harper, "I hear the talk iverywhere."

"Talk's nothin'," said Ned Noble. "An' if so be, what odds? Eh, what odds? Let them drill away; but let them keep out av *our* way anyhow, drill or no drill. So say I."

"Easy, easy Ned," said Sergeant Mires; "keep down yir voice; it travels far. What I want to say is this. Bring yir neighbors here, that if iver the day should come that we be called on to fight an' defend ourselves an' our homes from onjust oppression, we may

be found ready to do our juty an' scatter our foes like chaff before the whirlwind."

"Hear, hear, hear," said Ned Noble, "that's the way to put it! Trust in God an' keep yir powder dry, me boys! *For we're the boys*," he chanted in a deep voice, "*that fear no noise, an' niver will surren-dur!*"

All this time the Bilboa men were wearying on the wall. They dared not shift a leg for fear of loosening a stone or rustling the ivy. Mr. Dooley, in particular, resting as he was in a half-lying posture leaning on one hand and grasping ivy stems with the other, was terribly uncomfortable. His limbs were cramped, his back ached, his great body felt full of pains. He longed for the drill to begin that he might have an opportunity to shift his position. Would they never cease talking!

Then Ned Graham's voice arose and Mr. Dooley felt that his chance had come. Slowly he rolled his body over, slipped on a sloping stone, broke his hold on the ivy, and went with a crash to the ground outside. As he fell he clutched at the ivy and roared.

There was a sudden scurry inside the walls, a sound of feet clumping on the grass as the Bilboa men slipped from the walls, and—the Twenty-five to the river, the Eighteen to the road—both squads took to their heels and fled.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
IMPRESSIONS OF PROVENCE.

I.

OUR first impression of Provence struck us just beyond Mondragon. For some miles we have traversed the romantic valley of the Rhone, which at this point might almost be the valley of the Rhine. The river is hedged in by tall cliffs covered with ruins as steep and as inhabitable as the granite which supports them. Every mountain bears its castle and tells of feudal rule, brigand oppression, all the violence and picturesqueness of a mediæval tale by Sir Walter Scott. The train carries us



through a narrow gully, with barely room in it, above the strangled river, for the ledge on which the rails are laid. Suddenly, at the other end of the gorge the climate changes: the air is milder, the plain more fertile, the country widens into a great amphitheatre enclosed between the Alps of Dauphiné and the rounder hills of the Cévennes. And here, with the suddenness of magic, the first olives begin—no stripling trees, but gnarled and branching orchards, showing their ancient limbs on every southern slope. In the twinkling of an eye we have come into the kingdom of the south. With a deep breath of the sharp-scented, sunny air, we inhale the beauty of it, and understand—how intimately—that horror of the mountain which has distinguished every race capable of appreciating beauty. Our recollection of the black gorge, the barren peaks, the swirling torrent, renders still keener our feeling for the fertile plain where the blood-red boughs of the Judas-tree make their deep southern blots of color against the blue of the delicate serrated hills behind. Among the fields the pollard mulberries gleam like baskets of gold filigree, in the splendor of their early April leaf. The tall pastures are white with starry jonquils, bending all one way in the wind. The hedges are sweet with hawthorn, great southern bloom, almost as big and plump as apple blossom. And the same delicious contrast of delicacy and abundance which strikes us in the plain, surrounded by its peaks and barren hills, is repeated in the difference between this riot of blossom and the austerity of the foliage, much less green than in the north. The ilex spreads its cool, grey shadow at the homestead door. Every little red-tiled farm is screened by its tall hedge of cypress, planted invariably north-west of the building. For through these narrow gorges of Mondragon, where there seemed scarcely room for the train and the river, the mistral also passes, like a blast from a giant's bellows—the mistral, the terrible north-western wind that devastates these plains of paradise.

## II.

OUR first halting-place is at Orange, a white and charming little town, filling up its ancient girdle with many an ample space of green garden and lush meadow. Few towns appear more provincial than this charming Orange, which gave William the Silent to the cause of the Reform, a dynasty to Holland, and a king to England. There were princes in Orange long before the Nassau: the house of Baux, with their pretensions to the empire of the East; and the house of Adhémar, which brought forth the great Guillaume d'Orange, the peer of Charlemagne. Of all their glory naught remains save one meagre wall, one tumbling buttress surmounting the hill above the city. Compared with the beautiful amphitheatre beneath, still important and majestic as in the days of the Roman occupation, these remains of chivalry appear little more venerable than the ruins of the jerry-built villas of some demolished London suburb. Yet as we look at them an emotion awakes in our heart and a mist comes before our eyes that Roman antiquity does not evoke. For the monuments of the Middle Ages are other than of stone.

And we remember how, in the beautiful old romance of "Guillaume d'Orange," after Roncesvalles, the unhappy hero comes home to his castle wounded, the only living knight of all his host, and sounds the horn that hangs before the castle gate, the porter will not admit him; none may enter in the absence of the master, and no man of all his garrison recognizes the hero in this poor man, suddenly aged and pinched and grey, seated on a varlet's nag, with nothing martial in his mien. Their discussion brings the countess on to the battlements: "*That—my husband! My husband is young and valiant. My husband would come a conqueror, with tribes of captives, covered with glory and honor.*" Then, seated still on his poor nag, outside his inaccessible castle, the Count of Orange tells the story of Roncesvalles, and how he alone escaped the carnage of that day. "*Less than ever my husband!*"

cries the countess. "My husband would not have lived when all those heroes died." But at last he persuades her that he is in very truth himself, and she consents to take him and tend his wounds if, so soon as he can ride to battle, he promises to set forth and avenge the death of his comrades.

"Le monde est vide depuis les Romains," said St. Just. Beneath the ruins of that castle on the hill there stands erect, eternal, built into the very framework of the cliff, the immense theatre of the Romans, still fit for service, resonant to every tone. Four years ago, many thousand people were collected in the theatre, which still serves on all great municipal occasions. But I prefer it as we saw it yesterday — its sweep of steps graciously mantled in long grass growing for hay, and full of innumerable flowers; its stage tenanted by bushes of red roses and white Guelder roses; the blue empty circles of its wall-space rising serenely against the flame-blue sky. Never have I seen the huge strength of Roman antiquity appear more sweetly venerable, more assimilable to the unshaken granite structure of the globe itself, than thus, decked and garlanded with the transitory blossoms of its eighteen-hundredth spring.

The front wall of the theatre is about one hundred feet in height, thirteen feet thick, and more than three hundred feet in length. The colony of Arausio was an important colony, remembered only now by the monuments of its pleasures and its triumph. When we shall have disappeared for near two thousand years, what will remain to tell our story? Our Gothic churches are immense and beautiful, but already in their infancy of nine or seven centuries they are falling into ruin. Our castles will go the way of the Castle of Orange; and of our pleasure-houses the oldest I remember is the little flimsy seventeenth-century theatre of Parma, already quite a miracle of cardboard antiquity. We have built too high, or too thin, or too delicately. We have read too long in our prayer-books that here we have no abiding city. Our

souls have no capacity to imitate that great solid souvenir of civic use, of pleasure, of triumph, which the Romans have left behind them in all their provinces. About ten minutes' walk from the theatre, on the other side of Orange, stands the Roman Arch of Triumph, the most beautiful in Gaul. It is perfect in its great perspective, as it rises from the meadow-grass at the end of a shadowy avenue. On its sculptured sides the trophies of ancient battle are still clear, and on its frieze the violent struggle of men in battle —

*Et tristis summo captivus in arcu.*

We end our afternoon by a long drive through the fertile plain of Orange, all the brighter for the severeness of its setting, for the spires and hedges of cypress, for the gaunt, dim blue of the distant mountains. The spring is luxuriant and ample here. The hedges toss their fragrant boughs of may; the sweet Japanese peonies are pink in every garden, the quince-orchards seem a bower of tiny roses, the purple flags are out by all the watercourses; but the prettiest sight of all is on the grass. Even in Italy I have never seen such hay-meadows, with their great golden trails of buttercups, their sheets of snow-white narcissus, springing innumerable and very tall above the grass. There are little children and boys, and tall young girls, grown women and men of all ages, in the fields gathering great posies of the delicious flowers. Never have I seen so bright a picture of the sheer joy of living, the mere gladness of the spring's revival. It seems to us that we have driven by some happy byway into the Golden Age, into some idyl of old Greece.

### III.

HERE the towns are set as close together as the jewels in a crown. We have scarcely left Orange before we see, beyond the green belt of the Rhone, the mediæval outline of the Palace of the Popes. *L'Ile Sonnante*, as Rabelais called it, rises out of the plain and the water like an island indeed, much as our own little Rye stands up out of the

Sussex marshes. With its steeples and convents, its towers and buttresses massed round the tremendous fortress on the central rock, girdled by an outer circle of crenellated ramparts, this fair town of Avignon appears the very sanctuary of the Middle Ages.

The great interest of Avignon is that it is a town of one time—a flower of the fourteenth century still full of life and vigor. The great Palace of the Popes, the fortifications of the town with their battlements and machicolations, the Tower of Philippe la Bel at Villeneuve, and the vast round yellow fortress of St. André, massive against its background of olive-colored hills—all these, and many smaller relics, date from the third quarter of the fourteenth century. Even here in the South, few cities can show so many or such pure examples of fourteenth-century military architecture.

The city wall of Avignon has a circumference of about fifteen thousand feet. It is twelve metres in height. It has thirty-five towers, many turrets, is crowned with battlements, and pierced with machicolations. These last, as every one knows, are open spaces left between the wall and the frieze of arcades which supports the balcony intended for the garrison (the *chemin de ronde*), spaces which form great oblong holes in the flooring of the balcony, and through which boiling water, flaming tow, lighted oil, arrows, stones, and other missiles might be poured down on assailants engaged in undermining the foot of the wall. The walls of Avignon, substantial as they appear, would be but a phantasmal protection against a good mitrailleuse; the town wears them as an ornament, and not as armor. The gates, dismantled of their old portcullises, serve for the collection of the toll, and the officials of the *octroi* lodge in the romantic gatehouses. One of these guardians, moved by our interest in his unusual dwelling, led us up, through his kitchen and bedroom in the gate-tower, on to the balcony that crowns the wall. He left us there in company with his wife and several babies, whom I expected at every instant to tumble

through the holes of the machicoulis; they showed, however, the address and ingenuity of true mediæval babyhood in avoiding these pitfalls, and appeared to find the superannuated battlements an admirable playground. Less adroit, we found the *chemin de ronde* very dizzy walking; and our interest in this relic of military architecture was chequered by the fear of being precipitated into space.

The walls of Avignon are less interesting than its vast central fortress. It is difficult to imagine a monument so irregular, so labyrinthine, a mere sombre maze of towers and walls, of corridors and staircases. Not a tower is absolutely square, not an angle true, not a communication simple or direct. All is unexpected, dædal, disconcerting, in this gigantic relic of an era of confusion.

The Palace of the Popes was not only a palace, but a fortress—necessary as an answer to the fortress which in 1307 the king of France had built at Villeneuve across the Rhine, necessary also for defence against the troops of marauders who infested France after Crécy and after Poitiers. We remember how, in 1357, a knight, by name Sir Reynold of Cervole, commonly known as the Archpriest, scoured all Provence with a company of men-at-arms of all countries, who, since the king of France was captive and their arrears unpaid, turned brigand, and made a good thing of escalating castles, and ransoming rich and timid cities. Froissart has told us how the Archpriest and his men laid siege to Avignon, striking terror into the hearts of Innocent VI. and his cardinals, who agreed to pay forty thousand crowns to the company as an inducement to its withdrawal. The brigand came to terms as regards the money, but he demanded certain small additions to the contract, remembering that he was not only a marauder, but a person of good family, with other claims to consideration. He exacted, therefore, a free pardon for all his sins, and several invitations to dinner. The pope and his cardinals received him as reverently as he had been the son of the king of France him-

self." Then he consented to lead his followers elsewhere; and after his departure the pope considerably improved the fortifications of Avignon.

By 1370 the city was strong enough to set such besiegers at defiance, and the palace had grown into the fortress we admire to-day. It is composed of seven huge *corps de logis*, separated by courts or quads; and these are riveted to each other by seven immense and sombre towers. The whole forms a parallelogram of over twelve thousand square yards. It is an imposing, a tremendous pile—not beautiful, but unforgettable; conspicuous by the rare height of its walls and towers, and by the extraordinary up-leap of its buttresses, which shoot right up the wall to the balcony, and form the great arcade which masks the largest machicolis that I have ever seen. Not only pitch and Greek fire, but great beams and boulders could pass through these openings to crush the assailant underneath. Such a fortress appears impregnable to the eye; the height of the walls renders an escalade impossible; the garrison on the balcony atop is out of bowshot, and the huge buttresses defend the base against the sapper. At one-third of its height the wall supports a second balcony, whence the besieged could deal deadly damage on their assailants.

Within, the palace is disfigured by its present service as a barracks. The vast halls are ceiled over at mid-height, and turned into dormitories. Nearly all the frescoes, painted in the melancholy, elegant manner of Simone Memmi and the Siennese, have been disfigured within this century. There is a party in Avignon naturally indignant at this defacement, which is all for buying the palace from the government and turning it into a museum. This, however, would cost a great deal of money. And as a mere impression, the great bare, dædal building, gay with the crowded life of these youths of twenty, racing up and down stairs in noisy troops, sitting in the shadowy window-seats, picturesque figures in their white undress, black haversacks and deep red caps, filling

the sombre quads with march and drill—yes, as a mere impression, it is certainly more appropriate than a museum.

IV.

SUR le pont d'Avignon  
Tout le monde danse, danse;  
Sur le pont d'Avignon  
Tout le monde danse en rond.

Many generations of children have doubtless wondered why. Make an effort to cross the Rhone when the wind is blowing, and you will arrive at any rate at *one* explanation. O masterly wind! *Vent magistral*, or *mistral*. With what a round, boisterous, overmastering force you blow from the north-west! How you send the poor passengers of Avignon bridge whirling in all directions, dancing to all tunes, battling comically and ineffectually against you! We ourselves were nearly blown from the hilltop at Villeneuve; yet I can cherish no rancor against the mistral, the tyrant, sweeping us all out of his way as he rushes, wreathed in dust, towards the sea. 'Tis a good honest wind, like our west-country sou'-wester, and quite devoid of the sharp, thin, exasperating quality of the east wind of our isles. And, but for the mistral, they never would have planted those dark, long screens of soaring cypress which streak so picturesquely the wide, blue prospects of Provence.

V.

THERE is something Athenian in the little literary class of Avignon, and in the evident pride and joy that all the citizens take in it. Yesterday our cabman stopped us in the street: "Look at that, monsieur! Look at him. He's a poet!" cried the good man in great excitement. It was M. Félix Gras. People waylay you to point out the name of Aubane or Roumanille written over a book-shop. Every person of every degree treasures some little speech or anecdote concerning M. Mistral, the hero of the place. Doubtless the Félibrige, with the little extra romance and importance which it has given to the South, has something to do with this literary enthusiasm. In Provence a

taste for poetry is a form of patriotism, even as it was in Ireland in the days of the "Spirit of the Nation." The sentiment, which is pretty and touching, appears quite genuine.

We had forgotten that Roumanille was dead, and we made a pilgrimage to his book-shop. We were greeted by a dark-eyed little lady; when we asked for the poet, the tears started into her fine black eyes, and we realized, with a tightening of the heart, the cruel carelessness of our question. But Madame Roumanille (for it was she), with the beautiful courtesy of her nation, would not let us depart in this unhappy mood. She talked sweetly and seriously of her husband's latter days and of his death-bed, cheerful and courageous as the last pages of the "Phædo;" these Provençal poets have a classic temper in their souls! He would not let them wear a mournful face. "Life is a good thing," said he; "chequered, no doubt, with melancholy moments, but none the less bright and excellent as a whole. We have come now to one of these melancholy passages, but, believe me, my friends, the sadness of death is greatly overrated! There is nothing cruel or tragic to lament about. Life has been very good and now — at the end of it — death comes in its place, not unkind."

So the good Félibre passed away, mindful, no doubt, of that passage in one of his poems where he says — but I have forgotten the words:—

Now let me depart in peace,  
For I have planted in Provence  
A tree that shall endure.

If even the gay, the cordial Roumanille gave out at the last this savor of antique philosophy, the likeness of Mistral to the elder poets is far more striking. He is the Provençal Theocritus, and his poems, with their delightful literalness of touch, their unforced picturesqueness and natural simplicity, will probably endure when more striking monuments of our nineteenth-century literature are less read than remembered. We cannot imagine, at any distance of time, a Provence in which some posy of Mistral's verses will not be treasured. He

will be to the great province what Joachim du Bellay has been to Anjou. True, he has written too much, but posterity is an excellent editor, and reduces the most voluminous to a compendious handful. Mistral is the greatest of the Félibres, and perhaps the only one whose works will survive the charming *Davidbund* of poets and patriots which so loudly fills the public ear to-day.

We went more than once to see the great man in his garden at Maillane, a pleasant place surrounding a cool, quiet villa, where the poet lives with his young wife. It is the only house of any pretensions in Maillane, and to the good people of the commune Monsieur Mistral is both the poet and the squire. He comes out to receive you — a strikingly handsome man with a beautiful voice; so much like Buffalo Bill in his appearance that one day, when the two celebrities met by accident in a Parisian café, they stared at each other, bewildered for one moment, and then, rising, each advanced towards the other and shook hands! We talked of many things, and among others, of course, of Félibrige. I ventured to ask him the meaning of the name, which is a puzzle not to philologists alone. He confessed that it had no particular meaning; that thirty years ago, when he and Roumanille, and the other five discussed their projected Provençal renaissance, one of them reminded the others of a quaint old song, still sung in out-of-the-way Provençal villages, in honor of certain prophets or wise men dimly spoken of as

Les félibres de la Loi.

No one knew precisely what the word designed — so much the greater its charm, its suggestiveness! The name was adopted by acclamation; and henceforth the meaning of Félibre is clear.

#### VI.

WE went the next day, in company with Mistral and his charming, intelligent wife, to see the races at Saint Remy. "Regardez nos fillettes!" said the poet. "On dirait des statues Grecques." A Greek statue is severer



in its beauty ; but certainly the girls of St. Remy might be the sisters of the statuettes of Tanagra ; so dignified, so graceful, do they appear in the beautiful costumes of Arles. They were the great adornment of these mild provincial sports, as they came in troops from Maillane and Tarascon, from Avignon, from Arles, all dressed in the plain-falling skirt, the fichu of pure fresh tulle, and the long-pointed shawl, or "Provençale," which recalls the graceful garb of Venetian women. Sometimes the skirt is pale pink or apricot, with a dove-colored shawl, or green with a lilac shawl ; but nearly always the skirt and shawl alike are black, relieved only by the narrow muslin apron, which reaches to the hem of the skirt before, and by the abundant fulness of the white fichu across the breast. Every one who has been to a fancy ball recalls the charming coiffure which surmounts this costume — the thick wavy black tresses, parted in the middle of the brow, taken down either side of the face loosely, then suddenly raised from the nape of the neck high at the back of the head, coiled round there and fixed under a tiny band of white lace, and a large bow or sash of black ribbon. Few headdresses are at once so irresistible and so dignified, and none could be better suited to the regular features, ample beauty, and melting eyes of the daughters of Provence.

We fell in love with St. Remy ; we stayed there for a week, in the Hotel du Cheval Blanc, where the long, dark, convent-like corridors and the cypress-screens behind the house give one already, as it were, a waft of Italy. St. Remy is a delightful little place. All its streets are avenues of great zebra-trunked, century-old plane-trees, garlanded in April with quaint little hanging balls, or else of wych-elms, gay with pinkish-buff blossoms, and yet so gnarled and hollow that they might almost be those famous elms which Sully planted about the towns of France. La Ville Verte the people call it, and never was name better chosen. Even as at Orange, the town has shrunk within its ancient girdle, and has filled

out its space with gardens, with orchards, with hay-meadows. The gardens of St. Remy are the fortune of the place, and owe to their happy situation behind the range of the Alpines an earlier harvest of flowers and fruit than elsewhere, even in the sunny South. In the roomy inn-garden we wondered at the luxuriance of the spring, as we sat in the shadow of the blossoming Guelder-rose bush, or picked great trails of rose and syringa. We gathered our first dish of strawberries on the 23rd of April. There are but two openings at St. Remy — miller or market-gardener ; the two prettiest trades, suitable to this greenest, most pastoral of cities.

St. Remy is but gently raised above the plains ; still low enough to nestle among the white-flowered hawthorn hedges by the runnels bordered with flowers. But, scarce two miles beyond, there rise the scarred, fantastic, sun-baked crags of the Alpille Mountains — the Alpines in modern guide-book parlance. These are true southern hills, barren and elegant, grey, lilac, blue, pink even, or purple against the sky ; but never green. Walk thither along the upward road till, at the mountain's feet, you come to a round knoll of fine turf, fringed with stone-pines, under every tree a marble sarcophagus for a seat. Hence the view is beautiful across the wide blue valley to the snow-streaked pyramid of Mont Ventoux. But you will turn your back upon the view, for, placed on the middle of this grassy mound, is the pride of St. Remy, the Antiquities, sole relic of the prosperous town of Glanum Livii. Nowhere in Provence have we seen so beautiful a setting to monuments so perfect in their small proportions as the Triumphal Arch and the Mausoleum. Time has much ruined, it is true, the decorations of the arch ; the winged victories are bruised and battered ; only the feet of one warrior remain, the head and fighting arm of another ; the chains of the slaves have fallen into pieces. But nothing has marred the style, the grace, the purity of the exquisite outline, Greek rather than

Roman in its simple elegance. The Mausoleum is less correct in style, but more picturesque, more suggestive. A flight of steps lead to a sculptured pediment, from which there rises a quadruple arch, itself supporting a small round temple, roofed, but enclosed merely by a ring of columns, in the style of the Temple of Fortune, at Rome. Within these columns stand two tall figures, robed in the ample toga of the consul, and seem to lean forward as though they gazed across the valley to some ancient battle-field. Standing so high, and screened behind their wall of columns, the statues do not show the trace of the modern restorer. The opinion of archæologists is still, I believe, divided as to their identity, but the peasants have views of their own on the matter. Some of them aver the figures to be the portraits of those twin emperors, Julius and Cæsar; but most of them, with some show of reason, consider that they commemorate the victories of Caius Marius, the hero of all this country-side. The figures are twain, so the peasants have doubled the general; Caius and Marius look out towards the Fosses Mariennes. Others, aware of the individuality of their hero, have solved the difficulty by giving him his wife as a companion! One shepherd, however, offered me the best explanations.

"Those two figures," said he, "represent the great Caius Marius and the prophetess Martha, the sister of Lazarus and the patroness of our Provence. They were, as you may say, a pair of friends."

"Dear me!" said I. "I thought there was a hundred years or so between them."

"Maybe," said the good man, "that well may be, madame; but, none the less, they remained an excellent pair of friends."

The facts of these good people were, as you see, a little incoherent. Yet, indistinct and fallacious though it be, their vision of a distant glorious past gives their spirit a horizon, their minds a culture which I have never met in the provinces of the North, where ancient

history begins with the French Revolution. Every ploughman, every shepherd, in the kingdom of Arles is aware that their country was to Rome, two thousand years ago, much what Nice and Cannes are to the Parisians of to-day. Their inheritance of so ancient a civilization, their contemplation of the vast and beautiful monuments of Latin triumph, have given them a certain dignity and sense of importance which may degenerate here and there into the noisy boastfulness of Tartarin, but which far more frequently remain within the limits of a proper pride. Those whom I met, the peasants and shepherds at St. Remy and Les Baux, had each a theory of his own concerning the great campaign of Marius, and pointed me out—at varying quarters of the horizon—the line of the retreat of the barbarians. If I sometimes felt that, from the height of their ancient glories, they looked down on me as one of that defeated horde, their attitude was always that of the kindest, the most courteous superiority. They are citizens of Arles or Avignon, as one was a citizen of Rome when the greatest honor was to boast *Civis Romanus sum*.

#### VII.

ONE day we drove across the plain to Tarascon, a cheerful little town beside a yellow river, overshadowed by a great yellow castle, the Château du Roi René, the painter-king. On the other bank of the river rises the Castle of Beaucaire, and the two old fortresses, whose enmity was once so cruel, glare at each other as harmlessly in our days as two china dogs across a village mantelpiece. Tarascon possesses a fine old church, whose porch would seem still finer were it not so near a neighbor of St. Trophime at Arles. We descended into the crypt to pay our reverence to the wonder-working tomb of St. Martha, sister of Lazarus, who, as every one south of the Côte d'Or is well aware, was cast ashore upon the coasts of Provence in company with the two holy Maries. She founded the city of Marseilles, and is buried under the church

at Tarascon. As we picked our way underground we perceived in a dark recess of the staircase a second tomb, unvisited of pilgrims, but far more interesting to our eyes. A marble youth lies along the sarcophagus, dead. It is Jean de Calabre, the son and heir of King René, an old friend of ours, for we have followed him in many a Neapolitan campaign. But after all he did not gain his crown of Naples, the brilliant young pretender. He lies here, forgotten, in the mouldy vault of St. Martha.

When we emerged to the outer air from this underground sanctuary of saint and hero, we remembered modern times, and asked our guide for the latest news of M. Tartarin. She protested her ignorance, but with a certain subdued irritation (or so we thought) as of one weary of a *scie* that has lost its edge. We were more fortunate, however, when we asked for the Tarasque. She ran with us along a narrow street in great impatience until we reached a large stable. The door swung open, and we beheld a sort of huge, long-tailed, cardboard whale, green, with scarlet scales stuck all over with yellow spikes, like the almonds in a plum pudding. The creature has a half human head with goggle eyes, a vulgar, good-natured smile, and a drooping black moustache, with a long, horsehair mane depending from its neck. It suggests a cavalry "sous-off" who has in some way got mixed up with his charger.

The eponymic monster of Tarascon is no longer led along the streets in glory once a year, accompanied by men and maidens, in commemoration of the day when St. Martha tamed the dragon by a prayer, and led him along in fraternal peace, tied in a leash of her slender neck ribbon. The recent law against processions has stopped all that. 'Tis a pity, for the monster is a pleasant, vivid, childish-looking monster, no more terrible than a devil by Fra Angelico. He made us remember the horrible Tarasque which is to be seen in Avignon Museum. This noble monster was excavated under the foundations of an Early-Christian chapel in the church of Mondragon. He is a

panther-like person; his fore-claws are dug deep into two half-scalped human heads. A portion of a human arm remains between his gruesome jaws. Flaxman himself never imagined a more hideous devil. "Le progrès a du bon," we sighed, as we looked at the amiable vulgar Tarasque of Tarascon.

#### VIII.

WHEN people come to stay at St. Remy, it is nearly always in order to make the excursion to Les Baux; a more desolate cannot well be imagined, nor one that places in stronger relief the contrast between the sane and beautiful relics of antiquity and the misery, the squalor of mediæval ruins. Who was the misguided man who first made it fashionable to admire mountains and ruins, and other such dismal monstrosities? I should like to quarter him to all eternity in a palace at Les Baux.

The road thither quits the lovely flowery plain, to rise among barren limestone mountains. Flocks of sheep are grazing there, but there are more herbs than grass, and as the poor beasts climb in search of a more succulent blade, they send out beneath their feet the exquisite fragrance of mountain thyme and lavender and myrtle. On the steeper scaurs, the pale mountain roses of the cystus are all a-flower, and shed a spring-like beauty about the desolate scene.

It soon becomes more desolate. We wind higher and higher up the barren flanks of the Alpines. The wind-eaten crags of white, friable stone defy even the mountain herbs. It is a melancholy, cinder-grey, lunar landscape.

This white stone is the sole harvest of these regions. As we advance we find the mountain scarred and hacked into countless quarries. Here and there, the great pale slabs are piled into a tomb-like dwelling for the quarrymen. Far off, on the very crest of the mountain, we see, above all this desolation, an orchard of almond-trees, the sole thing that betokens a human presence more happy than the slave-like labors of the quarry. Behind these trees there rises, as it seems, an uttermost wall of

crag, yet more jagged, more prettily desolate than the others. They are, as a matter of fact, the ruins of churches and palaces, the residue of the once princely city of Les Baux.

When at last we jog into the tiny *Place* of the city, we find a squalid village nestling in the centre of the former capital, like a rat in the heart of a dead princess. About three or four hundred poor creatures live here. God only knows what they find to live on! Slices of white stone, I suppose, and almond-shells.

They are, at any rate, eager for pence and human society. The carriage has not stopped before a guide pounces out upon us, and carries us up through a steep, unspeakable wilderness of dead houses, deserted these three hundred years, and all falling most lamentably into dissolution. There is a poor Protestant temple, with its elegant, delicate sixteenth-century carvings all in ruin. "*Post tenebras Lux*" is proudly carved above the dilapidated portals. All these ruins, varying over some two-and-twenty centuries, appear of the same age, the same dead-level of abjectness. The "*baums*" of the cave-dweller, their cupboards and door-holes still perceptible, appear little older than this or that mediæval palace. Ah, the place is terribly changed since I came here with Jean Lefèvre in 1382 to purchase for the Duke of Anjou the rights of the *Seigneurs des Baux* to the Empire of the East!

Under the crag-like tower of the castle there is a wind-swept mountain-top, whence you look down on the vast level of Camargue and Crau. From these coast-like summits the sad-colored salt marsh appears infinite; it is treeless, melancholy beyond words. That blue streak on the horizon is the Mediterranean. There the three *Maries* landed, and began their inland march. Their three effigies, carved by their hands, are still perceptible yonder, on a stone at the very foot of the mountain where we stand. Apparently they were wise enough not to seek the inhospitable summits of Les Baux.

There was one thing I should like to

have seen in the dead city, but when we were there the relic had departed to a barber's shop at Aigues Mortes. Some time ago, the landlord of the tavern at Les Baux, digging in his garden, came on a slab which, being removed, exposed a mediæval princess, still young and living. A moment after she had crumbled into dust, all save her wonderful golden hair—yards of it, crisp, silky, and shining—which filled the stone coffin with its splendor. In this poetic treasure-trove the landlord saw an excellent opportunity. He changed the name of his inn, which forthwith became *The Sign of the Golden Hair*, and there, sure enough, on the parlor table, in a coffin of glass and plush, lay the thousand-year-old tresses of the dead princess. The curiosity attracted custom, and having made his pile, the landlord sold the tavern and retired to shave the inhabitants of Aigues Mortes "at the sign of the *Capello d'Or*."

The villagers of Les Baux spend most of their time in delving for similar treasure. No one else has found a coffin full of golden hair, but skeletons, coins of all periods, and armor, are every-day occurrences. I made a mistake in thinking that these people lived off freestone and almond-husks. They dine on Gaulish tibias, skulls of Roman soldiers, dead cats of the Stone period, and a miscellaneous assortment of rusty iron. Not one of them but will sell you a human bone from a desecrated sepulchre as an appropriate souvenir of your visit to Les Baux.

#### IX.

LES BAUX is on the way to Arles, and you cannot do better than push on to that delicious city. Among our impressions of Provence, Orange gave us an exquisite sense of ancient peace, of dignity not uncheerful in its seemly ruin; and St. Remy, with its flowery paths, its lilac mountain scaurs towering above the Roman arch and temple on the pine-fringed knoll, has left in our memory as it were a perfume of poetry and grace. But for a profound and melancholy beauty we saw no place like Arles. In that tiny city every step calls

up a new picture, an unforgettable souvenir. How many of them arise before me as I write! The lovely, ruined theatre, so perfect even in its abandonment, two columns still supporting the fragment of an antique *fronton*; the great arena where the bulls still fight on Sundays before an eager audience of stalwart Provençal men and large-eyed women in the solemn dress of Arles; St. Trophime, with its wonderfully living portal crowded with saints and prophets, with enigmatic Tarasques and dragons, with strange, cat-like wild animals creeping stealthily about the basement. There is a poem of Mistral's, which I do not remember very well, telling the adventure of a little country girl who, arriving too late at Arles, to hear the mass at St. Trophime, cried herself to sleep in the porch. When she awoke it was moonlight, and lo! in order to console her, the carved saints came down out of the portal and said the mass for her. They are so living, those saints, that the fable seems the most natural thing in the world.

And the cloisters within, how melancholy in their peace! And then across the way, the Museum, with its unparalleled sarcophagi. The finest was discovered about two years ago in digging the new railway across the Camargue. Never have I felt so strongly as in this Museum, as rich in Early Christian as in classic monuments, the difference between the pagan and the Christian conception of death. The Roman tombs are carved all over with beautiful and cheerful pictures, some scene of daily life, some vine-gathering or olive-harvest, perfectly human and natural, as though they would have placed between the sealed eyes of the dead an abiding souvenir of the pleasantest things on earth. The figures on the Christian coffins have lost their early grace; but these large-headed, large-handed, awkward saints and mourners have an intensity of expression, a pathetic conviction in the reality of a Beyond, which we have not seen before. The Roman mourners look back, the Christian look forward; the vision of the one is all regret and beauty, the

other is exalted by an ardent and a yearning faith.

We have not yet done with the tombs of Arles. It was the first of May when we walked through the Alyscamps, and the latest hawthorn bushes were abloom about the Sacred Way. To tell the truth, we were disappointed with the Alyscamps. The railway has come too near to these Elysian fields, sadly narrowing their proportions. The most beautiful tombs are all in the Museum or in St. Trophime. There is left but one long alley of sarcophagi, shaded by a fringe of poplars which leads to the ancient church of St. Honorat. This is a quaint and melancholy place, with the raised quire built over the crypt, as at San Miniato. Its round, short pillars, five feet thick, wear an air of sturdy age. There is a great charm in this damp and curious old Norman church, with its illustrious perspective of the Alyscamps. Yet for a last impression of Arles we would fain go a little further up the hill, through the lovely Public Gardens to the Roman Theatre. Here we will sit on the marble steps a while, and gaze on the unchangeable elegance of its proportions, serene in ruin, unabated of their dignity, and no less beautiful in their decay.

X.

IF any of my readers decide to spend their autumn holiday in Provence (it would be a wise choice for those who cannot get away till mid-October), let them consecrate the fine weather to Arles, and Avignon, and Orange, and St. Remy, where the inns, though very tolerable, are barely second-class at best, and go to Nîmes for that wet week which rides behind every holiday-maker. Nîmes is a gay, bright, cheerful little city, with good shops and well-paved streets, and plenty of "Protestant temples" — there is, in fact, a business-like, prosperous, Protestant air about all the place. At the Hotel du Luxembourg you will find good rooms, excellent cooking, the *Times*, and every British comfort. Moreover, while thus armed to endure the worst of the rain at home, there is plenty to see without.



Nîmes is, in fact, the most resourceful of provincial towns. It possesses the prettiest public gardens I know, built with avenues and terraces in the manner of Versailles, about the relics (one really cannot say the "ruins") of the Roman Bath. High above this scene of orderly beauty towers the jagged ruin of the feudal Tour Magne, known to every student of Marc Monnier by the celebrated lines:—

Gal amant de la reine, alla—tour magnanime !  
Galamment de l'Arène à la Tour Magne à Nîme.

As a matter of fact, it is not a very far cry. Indeed, no walk in Nîmes could be described as very heroic, though I believe the mythic "Gal" was supposed to carry the queen pick-a-back. While in the Roman Garden you will of course visit the beautiful Temple of Diana; it is a spot one could return to many a

day. Then you must visit the Maison Carrée, still unique in its beauty, although for us late comers its proportions have been sadly hackneyed by that clumsy imitator of its Roman grace, the Madeleine at Paris. The old temple is full of statues and tombs and coins; it is only less interesting than the Museum at Arles. But the Arena here is far more impressive than that we left behind us in the sister city. Nothing, save the theatre at Orange, in all the *Provincia Provinciarum*, is more apt to impress us with the huge, unpretentious strength, the massive dignity of Roman work. It rained when we were at Nîmes, and we did not make the excursion to Pont de Garde. We have regretted it ever since; but I console myself with thinking that it is as well to have left oneself a reason to return to so exquisite a country as beautiful, antique Provence.

MARY DARMESTER.

ALGERIA. — The French colonization of Algeria has rendered at least one great service to the people of that country—it has provided them with roads. Half a century ago the "unwholesome Metidja," as General Duvivier called this great tract of country, was a centre of disease and death, the domain of jackals and Arab bandits. Now it is described by M. Burdeau as one of the most prosperous parts of Algeria and of the world. Old inhabitants still remember the days when they worked with their feet in marshes, and in fear of the guns of concealed Hadgiouts. Between 1835 and 1841, in the single village of Boufarick, thirty-six colonists were killed by the enemy, thirty-eight were carried off, most of whom ended their days in horrible captivity. In 1842, of its three hundred inhabitants ninety-two died of pernicious fevers; the survivors, when they had managed to store up a few sacks of wheat, went to sell them at Algiers. It was, according to this authority, as quoted by Consul Playfair, a veritable expedition; there was no trace of roads; their carts, drawn by bullocks, followed hardly passable tracks. There were no bridges; at every river, at every ravine, the carts had to be unloaded to enable the empty vehicle to be taken over and then reloaded on the other side.

Between Blidah and Algiers the journey occupied four days.  
Daily News.

PAPER MATCHES. — A new match is on the *tapis* at Jönköping, the invention of a Swedish engineer, Fredriksson by name, who has been experimenting for several years for the purpose of simplifying the manufacture of matches. The idea in his match somewhat reminds one of the rolled-up tape measure of a tailor encased in a metal cover, and with only the end projecting. There is a metal cover, in which is placed a roll of paraffined paper, intercepted at regular intervals, so that small points are formed. On these the igniting substance is placed. An end of the paper projects from out of the casing, and on pulling it quickly out the substance is ignited against the small steel plate, and one has a match, which burns slowly and evenly. The metal cover can, of course, be varied in accordance with the different requirements of its use, and when the paper roll is finished a new one is inserted. It is claimed for this new kind of match that it simplifies the manufacture to a very considerable degree, twenty men and eighty boys being able to make a million matches per hour.

Industries.

